

The Sketch



No. 223.—VOL. XVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS FAY DAVIS AS FAY ZULIANI IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY,"
AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Man, "not as he is, but as you'd have him be," is the Poet Laureate's ideal of the drama. I marked the line as it fell melodiously from Mrs. Tree's lips at the brilliant opening of Her Majesty's Theatre. "As you'd have him be"! There's the rub! The Laureate seems to think it is an extremely easy business. Item, a hero, full of courage and noble sentiments—if they excite our patriotism, so much the better; item, a heroine, horribly compassed about by devilish stratagems, but loyal through fire and water—if you can introduce these elements literally, better still; item, a villain, "triumphant till the final act"—if you can show him mounting stepping-stones from his dead self to higher things, best of all; at Her Majesty's this ascent is facilitated by a gunpowder explosion; item, an intriguing spitfire of a woman, whose heart is softened at the right moment by beauty and innocence. Multiply the items indefinitely, and make them all very spirited and picturesque, and even then the ticklish question whether they represent men and women as we would have them be may not be satisfactorily answered. The Laureate might as well have adapted man to a nursery rhyme—

Pet him, and pat him, and mark him with P,
And send him home for the Public and me.

Under the Merchandise Marks Act of the drama, every playwright is anxious to mark his work with P.; but the Public does not always acknowledge the symbol.

The representation of man as he is has notoriously defeated even the most penetrating realists. Every semblance of the truth provokes the cry of outraged conviction: "Whatever man is, he isn't in the least like that!" For the romantics, who essay to show you man "as you'd have him be," the task is no easier. It is very well for the Laureate to say, "Imagination holds dominion here"; but did you ever know two people who agreed about man in his imaginary aspect? Imagination is far more exacting than reason; it moves us to infinite variety of eccentric caprice; it sets us at loggerheads, like the ingenuous lovers bewitched by Puck in the wood, when they proceeded to declare ardent passion for the wrong ladies. Your imagination may be content to see man perform certain antics, while mine furiously demands that he shall do something totally different. Hence the sparkling miscellany of dramatic criticism! Some of our romantics try to dodge the problem by dressing up man in the picturesque costume of a bygone century, powder, pigtail, and what not, with a sword which, in or out of the scabbard, is a constant joy, if only because the sober citizen who never handled such a weapon in his life is enchanted by the dexterity of the besworded man, sitting down negligently without incommoding his person. I admit the glamour of the sword; the music of two rival blades clashing together never fails to make my nerves tremble with memories of famous encounters in romance—Quentin Durward's bout with Dunois, D'Artagnan's deadly thrusts, Harry Esmond's fight with Mohun, the duel by candle-light in "The Master of Ballantrae"; but the imagination that conjures up these immortal examples of prowess may play the deuce with the swordsmen who are immediately concerned.

In the new number of *Blackwood's* Mr. Frederick Greenwood discusses the newspaper-man and his proclivity for horrors. He drenches himself with gore wherever he can find it, on the battlefield, in the murderer's shambles, on the railway track crimsoned by the suicide. Mr. Greenwood's imagination traces this decadence of the newspaper-man to "our revelry in the Bulgarian atrocities." The appetite, thus debauched, is insatiable; it has wallowed in crime ever since; nay, in some mysterious way, it has prompted French painters to splash huge canvases with blood. The French are an imaginative race; but I doubt whether they have noticed this lurid affinity between Batak and the Salon. The American newspaper-man has a growing fondness for the charnel-house; perhaps he, too, is infected by the Bulgarian revel. Had our journals treated the Turkish massacres with indifference, there might have been no publicity for Jack the Ripper. The fuss about the slaughter in Armenia has set us agog, I presume, for the next colossal butcher who will fill our columns with grisly details. Such is the air in which Mr. Greenwood's imagination is strong upon the wing. I admire its masterly evolutions, though I am a somewhat puzzled spectator.

Here, then, is the newspaper-man, not precisely as he is, not as you would have him, but in the course of what Mr. Greenwood imagines to be his recent development. Well, my imagination pursues quite

a different line. It shows me the relish of horrors as far back as the dramatic literature of Elizabeth. The newspaper-man has no such gusto for devilry as you find in "Titus Andronicus." Take any horrible sensation that inspires the picturesque imagery of reporters, and it must pale before the stage direction which makes a woman enter with her tongue cut out. When there were few books and no newspapers, the taste for blood came out in our plays. How many broadsheets chronicled bloody deeds enshrined in the Newgate Calendar, when the Press was in its infancy? Does Mr. Greenwood imagine that Bulgaria made the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's a popular institution? If the newspaper-man were to devote his energies chiefly to the transcription of harmless paragraphs from the *Court Circular*, would society, high and low, gentle and simple, revel any the less in a good murder? Mr. Dudley Warner, distressed by what he reads in many American journals, would have them reform by raising their prices, and confining themselves to bare news. The remedy does not suggest that Mr. Warner's fancy is given to extravagance.

If you want to let imagination have full riot with man as he is, take him to the Druids' Grove in Norbury Woods. I saw this charmed spot of Surrey for the first time two Sundays ago, in the company of a friend who is half banker, half anthropologist, and wholly kin to the Comic Spirit of the Folk-Lore Society. I have heard of banks whereon the wild thyme grows; but never could you have suspected banking of such profusion of kindly humour and sociable imaginings as bloomed upon my companion. Perhaps the great wizard of English literature who dwells at Box Hill had cast a spell over both of us. He had told us of the ancient Briton who is roused from his tumulus at the full of the moon by the baying of dogs, and haunts the Druids' Grove with weird incantations. Though it was broad day, and the woods were illuminated here and there by the vivid green of spring, I was quite prepared for any apparition. Presently we stood in a magic circle of yews, every one of them, as tradition goes, two thousand years old, spreading uncanny arms from gnarled trunks, like eldritch beldames of the forest. Suddenly the barking of dogs broke on my ear, and a startling change came over my friend. He was clad in a long white robe; a wreath of mistletoe was on his head; his eyes glared at me disagreeably, and he brandished a most unpleasant-looking knife.

"A sacrifice, a sacrifice!" he cried. "Rash intruder in this sacred grove, thy blood must be spilt to fertilise the holy ground. Dost know why these yews have flourished full two thousand years? Their roots have been fed by sacrifices; blood is the sap which riots in their limbs; they quaff life from the heart of man. Is it not so?" The question was addressed to the beldame trees, which clashed their branches together like the clapping of hands, and made a hoarse cry of "Ay!" "Most potent Druid," I said in great alarm; "spare my blood; take the few odd crowns of my banking account, and lay them out to the profit of your joint-stock shareholders!" "Shareholders!" he exclaimed. "Sisters, shall this flippant traducer die?" Again the cry of "Ay!" broke from those awful yews, which seemed to lick their wooden chaps with expectant relish. The knife was glittering in the air, when a desperate chance crossed my mind. "Stay your hand," I cried, "and I will forswear Max Müller's doctrine of the origin of words, and embrace the faith of anthropology!" The knife vanished; a benevolent smile spread over the Druid's face; the yews made a sound like the gnashing of disappointed teeth; and I found myself listening to a learned address on the scientific beginnings of speech, of which, I regret to say, I do not remember one syllable.

Every man to his own imaginative pranks! Mr. Lang's faith in ghosts is not disturbed by their frequent imbecility, because the imbecile part of them which comes to the ken of psychical research must be disapproved by their higher consciousness, of which there are few manifestations. Thus, if the ghost of Julius Cæsar should favour us with a comic song, you may be sure that the Cæsar who perished heroically under the dagger of Brutus is disgusted with the melody. Imagination, you see, is the great reconciler of all the spiritual oddities despised by a material philosophy. Mr. Lang looks forward to the antics of his own ghost with equanimity. They will be merely the tantrums of his spectral Hyde; his superior Jekyll will look down on them with contempt. The Laureate's beautiful precept is translated to another world; you must not take ghosts as they are, but as you would have them be. They may ring bells, play tambourines, frighten the housemaid, return idiotic answers to grave inquiries, make Socrates a clown, and Plato a practical joker; but imagination, if you have the right quality, teaches you that the real character and dignity of ghosts are, for some inscrutable reason, secluded from your observation.

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There has been an immense response to the national fund organised by the *Daily Chronicle* on behalf of the Greek wounded. Money has simply been pouring in, but, as the cry for succour will grow, so ought the English answer to it. All politics disappear when it is a question of healing the wounds of a brave man. That is the word which has governed the organisation of the national fund. It is the word which its organisers sounded loud and clear. In any case, there would be no need to dwell on the universal sympathy which exists in this country towards Greece.

Here is a little talk (writes a *Sketch* interviewer) which I have had with the editor of the *Chronicle* on the subject of the fund. It gives information on some points of interest, and haply may unloosen a few more purse-strings.

"You must have had a busy time during the past few days making up the lists of subscribers?"

"As you imply, the reply to our appeal has been altogether remarkable. It is difficult to think of any fund started by a newspaper which has gone up with such leaps and bounds. However, it was only necessary to give the lead, the people have done the rest."

"Do the subscribers represent all classes?"

"All classes, from the richest to the poorest, and all parts of the country. You should see the shoals of letters which arrive by every post, their sympathy, their earnestness of tone, the keen feeling which pervades them—why, you would have to read them to understand it all. Rarely, I should think, have our large-hearted English public been so moved. Not merely moved, but some of the letters are positively touching, and in themselves are worth the subscriptions that they enclose."

"Now, how did the fund originate? It wasn't the suggestion of the all-wise 'Constant Reader,' was it?"

"The idea simply originated with ourselves, only it could hardly be said to have originated, since it was so obvious. Every telegram from Greece told us that the hospital arrangements were inadequate to meet the demands upon them. War is terrible always, but war without the ambulance, the doctor, the nurse in plenty—why, then, war is twenty times terrible. Think what it must have been when anæsthetics gave out in the Greek field hospitals, when operations were performed without chloroform."

"You no doubt remembered that in other campaigns England has well borne her part towards the red cross?"

"Yes; the Franco-German war, for instance. After a battle a wounded man is a wounded man, and he belongs to no nation—he belongs to all nations, to humanity. We were, however, compelled to restrict the scope of our fund to the Greek soldiers, because we had no means of preparing an organisation on the Turkish side. Before making the appeal it was necessary to understand how the machinery might be applied; and to include what, as I have mentioned, we had no means of covering, would have been useless."

"The personal interest which the Princess of Wales has manifested in the fund has naturally been a great assistance to it?"

"A very great assistance. It at once made it a national undertaking, and it is very satisfactory to find that everybody so regards it. Further, the Princess has been good enough to indicate that she will have a word of individual approval for the nurses who have gone and who are going out to Greece. It is hardly for us here to speak of the beautiful part which the Crown Princess of Greece is filling in respect to the wounded soldiers of her country. One must be sure that her services to Greece at this moment will find a genuine echo in every woman's heart the world over."

"Then the committee of English ladies which you have been fortunate enough to get together—it is singularly strong?"

"And, like the subscriptions, and the letters to which I have referred, it represents all sections of society, quite irrespective of politics. We have, to take only two names, Mrs. Gladstone and the Duchess of Westminster on the committee, which, indeed, could hardly be stronger. You are aware that Mrs. Bedford Fenwick and Mr. Henry Norman are acting as the joint secretaries of the fund. Only the other day Mr. Norman returned from Greece, and now Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, adding effort to effort, has just gone there to superintend the labours of the English nurses."

"Besides the nurses, a special medical expedition will, I gather, be in Greece?"

"That is so. We asked Sir William MacCormac, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, if he would be good enough to nominate the head to this medical expedition. He selected Mr. F. C. Abbott, a surgeon of the highest qualifications and gifts, who for three years has occupied the post of resident assistant-surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital. Then Dr. Abbott chose Mr. Henry J. Davis and Mr. Fox-Symons, two other surgeons of position, to assist him, and others may also go. Dr. Abbott took quantities of medical stores with him, quantities more will follow, and generally the whole arrangements in connection with the fund have been carried through on the best possible lines."

"As the need manifests itself in Greece, so from time to time you will endeavour to meet it?"

"Just so. We shall try to meet all emergencies, and, with the strong backing of the English public, and the fine staff of surgeons and nurses which will be in the field, we are hopeful of being able to succeed."

There is only this addition to be made to the above—Send in your subscriptions to the Greek Ambulance Fund, *Daily Chronicle* Offices, Fleet Street, London.

SMALL TALK.

The magazines are very Victorian this month. *Blackwood* discusses Victorian manners. Mr. Greenwood writes about the journalism of the reign. In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Malcolm Morris deals with the progress of medicine during the sixty years, while Mr. Herbert Paul has something to say about the apotheosis of the novel under Queen Victoria. Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son have seized the present splendid chance of starting a series of volumes on "The Story of the Empire." The editor is Mr. H. A. Kennedy, who will write about Canada, where he spent several years in newspaper-work. Sir Walter Besant will open the series with a volume on "The Making of the Empire." Mr. Kennedy, who edits the weekly edition of the *Times*, is sometimes confused, I may add, with another H. A. Kennedy, who is on the *Sunday Times* and has written a story called "A Man with Black Eyelashes."

Surely the case of a man who witnesses three Diamond Jubilees is unique. Such, at least, is the experience of Mr. George Thornton, of Birmingham. He entered the Post Office in 1837, and, after serving for forty years, was pensioned in 1877. He was married on Sept. 4, 1836, to Mary Gough, who is still spared him. And if he is spared until June, he will have witnessed the celebration of the sixtieth year of his Sovereign's reign. Small wonder that royalty and the Postmaster-General have sent him letters of congratulation.

The result of the auction of Jubilee windows has cast a gloom over the speculators who have been preening themselves on the chances of a big deal. The *Daily Mail*, which showed up Surrey-side Ahab, is jubilant over the collapse; the *Daily Telegraph* tries to soften the blow. But, like the *Spectator*, which had an admirable article on the question, I feel "disgust" at the way in which Commemoration Day is being



MR. GEORGE THORNTON AND HIS WIFE.
Photo by C. J. Arnall.

misused in this way. But loyalty that spells mere lucre is a thing that must shrivel in the face of the inexorable laws of supply and demand, and the auctioneer's hammer burst the bubble of false hopes. Meantime, I notice that the *People's Journal* of Dundee has started a prize competition, by which six winners will be enabled to view the Procession from the windows of the London offices in Fleet Street. That is a natural move, because for the time Scotland itself will cease to be the window of the world—

The wonderful Window in Thrums

Will scarce for the nonce get its due,
When people pay fanciful sums
For the dirtiest Window in Slums
Where her Majesty passes in view.

That Window in Thrums, I am told,
Brought Barrie a fortune and fame;
But Jubilee Windows (when sold)
Would bring in a mountain of gold—
So Ahab is back at his game.

The poor will be driven to stand
Outside, be it wet, be it dry,
For none but a Prince could command
A house in the Mall or the Strand
To see the Procession go by.

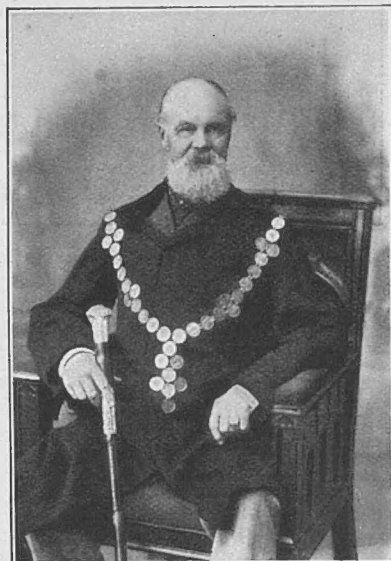
A Cræsus alone could attain
The chance, which infrequently falls,
Of rubbing his nose on the pane
That watches the Glorious Reign,
Give thanks at the steps of St. Paul's. . . .

Thus loyalty (gauged by the £)
Ran riot for weeks on the route,
Till the laws of economy frowned
On landlords who thought they were bound
To seize on the sightseers' loot.

Supply and demand overcast
Their vision of wealth in the lump;
To-day they are standing aghast—
The wealth that they pictured amassed
Has dwindled away by a slump.

Mr. Spencer Curwen has published the address which he delivered before the Society of Arts on Music at the Queen's Accession. It is full of curious information, and Brontë enthusiasts will read with interest the report on the state of psalmody at Luddenden Fort sixty years ago. The attention of the smallest child is drawn to the Jubilee, for Messrs. Dean and Son have added to their toy-books a coloured album of pictures of the reign and its progress. By way of illustrating the progress her subjects have made in colour-printing, the book has been produced in Holland! Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published "The Queen's Reign for Children," by Mr. Clarke Hall, barrister-at-law.

A curious celebration of the Jubilee has been devised by a social club at Harrogate, the president of which, Mr. William Laycock, has been presented with a chain of office made of sixty new pennies, welded together by copper links. Mr. Laycock is a noted Yorkshire character. He is over seventy-three years of age, but is remarkably active. He was champion wrestler and long-distance walker in days of old.



MR. WILLIAM LAYCOCK.
Photo by Asquith, Harrogate.

The Jubilee has been celebrated by the officers of H.M.S. *Britannia*, who have equipped their mess-table with a solid silver centrepiece, consisting of a beautifully modelled figure of Britannia, seated on a rock embellished with shells and seaweed, and holding trident and shield. The group stands on a solid oak pedestal, bearing silver shields engraved with the naval arms, and also the names of the donors who have been two years on board together. The whole rises from a massive base of beautifully wrought silver, with receptacles at each corner for fern-pots, each surrounded by a broad band of oak-leaves and ribbons, chased in high relief. The work has been most artistically carried out by Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of 134, Regent Street, from designs by Mr. J. Humphrey Spanton, R.N.

The following trio of amusingly wrong replies came from the pens of much-distressed examinees. According to one, "cycle" is derived from "a Greek word" (so far, so good), meaning to "ride"! "Prose," a



A JUBILEE MEMENTO FOR H.M.S. "BRITANNIA."

second believes, signifies "writing in bad grammar," an opinion not altogether flattering to the noble army of men of letters. More entertaining still is the third's explanation of the term "neuter." "Neuter," he declares, "is the difference between the two sexes. For instance," he adds naively, "parents are neuter"!

A gentleman from Stratford writes me—

My son, along with two other boys, found under a hedge a small tin box with a brick on top; upon lifting the brick off they discovered three hundred pounds (sovereigns), which the police have claimed and still have in their possession. To whom do you consider this belongs?

San Remo.

Sir. Before your critic "A.G." who does "Ziska" for you this week, effects criticism; he had better find out the meaning of the words "Anathema, Maramatha," the latter word he also wrongly spells. No critic.

WHOSE HANDWRITING IS THIS?

Conservatives are proud of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but their praise is less lavish than that of the Radicals. It is not that the Radicals love Sir Michael more, but they love Mr. Chamberlain less, and the two statesmen are sometimes regarded as rivals. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is undoubtedly a great Parliament man. His influence is much stronger there than in the country. He knows the House of Commons, and fits his language to its taste. His style is almost as lucid as Mr. Chamberlain's, although not so vivacious. Mr. Courtney has described Sir Michael as a man of stubborn intelligence. He won't stand any nonsense; he doesn't indulge in clap-trap himself, and despises it in others. What he lacks is sympathy. He has a quick temper, but the House of Commons likes a Minister with mettle.

A very tall, erect man, Sir Michael walks to and from the House with a long stride, swaying his umbrella a few inches from the ground. His manner is stiff. He is seldom seen in the Members' Lobby, and he doesn't smoke. Like the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Walter Long, he wears a truly squire coat, with outside pockets. There is little, however, of the squire in his appearance. His face looks delicate, and his eyes are weak and wink too quickly. Sir Michael relinquished office some ten years ago on account of defective eyesight. At least, that was a reason given. Last Thursday, however, he seemed to have scarcely any difficulty in managing the figures of the Budget. With the aid of strong glasses he read his manuscript notes promptly enough. To these notes he did not confine himself nearly so closely as Sir William Harcourt, and at the same time he showed more mastery over his statistics than used to be displayed even by Mr. Goschen, who also is close-sighted. His Budget speech was one of the shortest on record. Sir Michael is never diffuse. He knows what he has to say, and says it, and then sits down. In this respect as in others he shows his strength. He commands respect even where he does not win affection.

Just a word on the *Daily Chronicle* National Fund for the Sick and Wounded of the Greek Army. It was started a week ago, but the hospital-nurses and the ambulance corps generally will require all that can be done for them by the *Daily Chronicle* or others, and I hope that some of my readers—not only those who are Philhellenes, but all who are humanitarians—will send their mite. Cheques should be made payable to the Greek Ambulance Fund, and sent to the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

The special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, whose loss of baggage and sketches has been described in all the daily papers, was Mr. H. C. Seppings-Wright, who has been with the Greek Army from the beginning of the contest. Mr. Seppings-Wright had only been in England some twenty-four hours, on his return from the Benin Expedition, when he was summarily despatched by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* to Athens. The *Illustrated London News* has four other artists at the seat of war—Mr. Melton Prior, who after some weeks in Crete has joined the Turkish Army in Thessaly; Mr. D'Arcy Morell, and Mr. F. H. Goldthorp, who are already with the Turks; and Mr. Julius Price, who is on his way to join Mr. Seppings-Wright with the Greek Army.

While the mighty strolled into Her Majesty's about eight o'clock on Wednesday night to the seats reserved for them, the madder of the pittites and galleryites began standing at half-past six in the morning. At nine o'clock I was told that these fanatics had already been in possession of points of vantage for some time. For thirteen hours the seats of the mightily enthusiastic were camp-stools; some whiled away the hours with cheerful conversation and theatrical reminiscences, some supported their endurance with sandwiches and sherry, and some, I am told, started games of cards, which were brought to an abrupt conclusion by the attentions of a grandmotherly police. Food was supplied to some of the waiting ones from an adjoining public-house. When I passed the theatre at seven in the evening, I calculated that the queue was 450 ft. long. Half of it was four deep, the other half was two deep. Query: how many people did the queue contain?

Once in, however, these patient waiters were rewarded, for the seats groaned under the mighty of every sort. In one box was to be seen the Prince of Wales, quietly retiring behind a curtain, with the Duke of Teck more conspicuously to the front. In another box was

I received this anonymous postcard the other morning from San Remo. Who wrote it?

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Budget speech, with its interesting review of the progress of the country during the Queen's reign, has made all men extol again his reputation. The

Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, whom rumour credits with a financial interest in the new theatre. Lord Russell of Killowen was there, in flat contradiction of many rumours which had assigned to him bad health of late. The new American Ambassador, who was accompanied by his pretty daughter, was a singular contrast to his predecessor, Mr. Bayard—the one tall and well-set, the other, the later arrival, a thin, angular man. Colonel Hay's is, however, a strong face and a genial—the face of a man who will be as popular in English literary and social life as Mr. Bayard has been. All the regular first-nighters were there, of course—Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Douglas Straight, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. George Alexander, Sir Edward Lawson, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Sir Edward Clarke. Whatever the ultimate success of the play, the night was a splendid triumph for all concerned. Methought I saw Mrs. Tree throw a glance at her brother-in-law, Mr. Max Beerbohm, while she recited certain of the Laureate's lines—

Away, the worldling's mock, the cynic's sneer!
Imagination holds dominion here . . . ;

but that may have been pure fancy. The poem as a whole was certainly in admirable taste, and a distinct addition to the entertainment. The house, crowded as it was, struck me as being infinitely more attractive than when I saw it empty on the previous Saturday, and the beautiful decorations (including the curtain and the upholstery of Messrs. Waring, who seem to be doing all the superfine upholstering just now) were set out to their full advantage.

By the way, in the performance of "John Gabriel Borkman," at the Strand, on Monday, Mrs. Tree was billed to play the part of Mrs. Wilton "by kind permission of Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree." Though the New Century Theatre follows the old-fashioned courtesies of stage loans, the New Century Woman is not likely to approve of the kind permissions of husbands to let their wives do this or that.

I regret to find that Miss May Yohe is disturbed by a paragraph in these columns about a certain George N. Williams who has been telling the readers of the *New York World* that he was her sweetheart when she was fourteen. I quoted this legend simply to condemn the impudence of Mr. Williams and of the system of journalism which permits such a person to advertise himself in that fashion. If some champion, armed, on Miss Yohe's behalf, with a stout cudgel, were to make an expedition to the abode of George N. Williams, I should be delighted to chronicle the interview. It is scarcely necessary to add that the pages of *The Sketch* have constantly borne witness to my pictorial admiration for Miss Yohe, and that I share the lamentations of many playgoers when she is temporarily absent from the London stage.

I dined the other day with the Urban Club, an organisation of literary men, dramatists, actors, and artists which gathers together from time to time at Anderson's Hotel, in Fleet Street. A number of interesting men were there, including Mr. David Christie Murray, the novelist; Mr. Thomas Catling, who glories in editing the largest circulation in the world—*Lloyd's Weekly News*; Mr. Orrook, the artist; and, above all, Mr. John Coleman, the chairman. The occasion was Shakspeare's birthday, in commemorating which the Urbans are perhaps the pioneers in London of what may some day be a large and powerful organisation. Why should not Londoners commemorate Shakspeare's birthday as Scotsmen commemorate Burns's? Mr. Coleman made an eloquent speech, in which he raised up visions of the London of Shakspeare's time, and carried his audience into the atmosphere of the sixteenth century with remarkable poetical power. One of the most interesting speeches of the evening was that by Mr. Frederic Robinson, who had been one of Mr. Phelps's company at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere. Mr. Robinson told an interesting story of a little difference with Phelps, Phelps having insisted upon his taking the part of Henry VIII. After much modest disclaimer on the part of Mr. Robinson, Phelps persuaded him to the effort, with the result that he secured a triumphant success. There was more than one actor present who had known Phelps, and the general memories of him were very pleasant indeed.


THE URBAN CLUB, ANDERSON'S HOTEL, FLEET STREET.

ANNUAL COMMEMORATION

OF SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY,

FRIDAY, APRIL 23rd, 1897.

"Is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakspeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this earth. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent bringer of light?"
Thomas Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship."



Chairman - - - Mr. JOHN COLEMAN.

"We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours."—Measure for Measure.

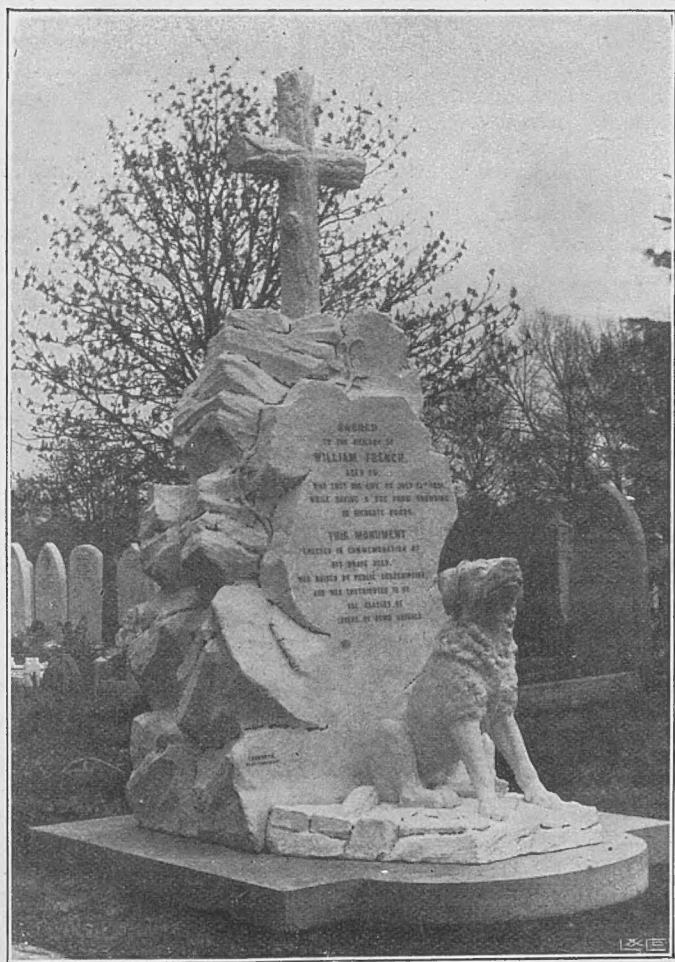
This may strike you as a melancholy page. But the monuments depicted here are tributes to heroism that certainly needs no lamenting.

There has been talk and to spare of how to celebrate the Jubilee. But Colonel Hill James has actually carried out a method of his own. In



A MONUMENT TO ENGLISH AND FRENCH SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

the little cemetery at Araques (Arcangues), which stands on a ridge inland five miles from Biarritz and near Bayonne, he has erected a monument in memory of the brave men who died, eighty-three years ago, during five of the most desperate days of the Peninsular War. With wavering fortune, sometimes attacking and sometimes hardly holding his own, Wellington drove the French, under Soult, back into France. Then they marched northwards and were sheltered under the fortress of Bayonne. By the signal of a large bale-fire, early on Dec. 9, 1813, the English troops advanced over rough and woody ground, intersected by two rivers. Wellington had to extend his operations and disperse his troops over a large area. Soult, a masterly tactician, took advantage of this, and fell with overwhelming force on our Light Division, under General Kempt, at Arcangues. The French early on the 11th were seen "lining the hedge-rows and silently stealing up the wooded hollows" in front of Arcangues. The conflict extended to the east. The enemy bravely fought their way into the very midst of our position. Our Portuguese allies fled, and even



A MONUMENT TO ONE WHO LOST HIS LIFE WHILE SAVING A DOG FROM DROWNING.

our own men wavered. At the very crisis of fate, Wellington himself rode up, saying, "You must keep your ground, my lads; there is nothing behind you. Charge!" And charge they did, with a loud hurrah. This,

one of the most bloody fights of the Peninsular War, cost us two thousand five hundred and the French three thousand men.

At Chinde, on the banks of the only navigable mouth of the River Zambesi, Portuguese East Africa, a neat tombstone marks the grave of the late Captain William Grant Stairs, one of the heroes with Stanley's famous expedition through Africa, 1887-90. The headstone, erected by the sister of the lamented young explorer, is the most prominent among the few rough-hewn and crude memorials within the sacred acre reclaimed by the British from the barren swamp-land. In the heat of the year the graves present a dreary appearance, but with the change of season are one mass of floral beauty.

My readers will, no doubt, remember the incident which resulted in Mr. French losing his life while trying to save a dog from drowning in Highgate Ponds. A subscription list was opened by Mr. George R. Sims to commemorate the event by erecting a monument to his memory, and the work was placed in the hands of Messrs. J. Cusworth and Sons, masons, of East Finchley, by whom it has been most ably carried out, as the accompanying picture of it shows.

The wrought-iron gates, surmounted by the Cavendish arms, which have recently replaced the centre section of that dull brick wall that shuts Devonshire House from Piccadilly, will doubtless be admired and appreciated by thousands of folks who would never have set eyes on them in their old situation, the head of the Duke's Avenue, at Chiswick House. Once inside the gates at Chiswick, one might have been a hundred miles from roaring London, for the sixty acres or so of land,



A MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN WILLIAM GRANT STAIRS
Photo by Max Sterling, Brewer Street, S.W.

where such noble trees abound, possess a hush and a silence that does not for a moment suggest the near neighbourhood of the busy world. The house itself, which Horace Walpole thought "a model of taste," and Lord Hervey declared was "too small to inhabit and too large to hang to one's watch," was built by a former Earl of Burlington, and was copied from the Villa Capra at Vicenza, designed by the great Palladio. It may not be generally remembered that for several seasons the Prince of Wales occupied Chiswick House, where, by the way, the Emperor Nicholas of Russia was once fêted in a princely and perfect manner—"an exhibition to stir the imagination and excite better thoughts," as Greville said. In later years it was the residence of the Marquis of Bute, and is now, alas! a private asylum. Whether the stone sphinxes which top the stone piers of the gateway approve of their translation it is impossible to judge from the inscrutable expression of their countenances, but the stream of humanity on which they stonily gaze will, I feel sure, consider the removal an improvement to one of London's handsomest and most delightful thoroughfares.

Some humorist is circulating a sham newspaper contents bill, headed with the name of the *Daily Crocodile*. Sandwich-men may be seen in the Strand bearing this very heavy jest on their shoulders. I saw one of these bills on a hoarding the other day, and, as I was trying to discover the point of the joke, a citizen asked me what I thought of it. I said it might be very funny, but for the life of me I couldn't tell why. "The *Crocodile*," said he, "is the *Daily Chronicle*." "Yes," I replied, "but where does the fun come in?" "The *Chronicle*," said he, with rather a thick utterance, "has been doing too mush." "Oh," I said, "and who has conceived this withering satire?" "One of our greatest men." Perhaps this festive stranger was the author of the joke, but he left me more in the dark than ever.

Rotherhithe is much to be congratulated on the possession of the very fine Town Hall which was formally opened a few days ago by Mrs. Cave-Gomm, the Lady of the Manor. Such a building has long been urgently required in this district, for hitherto the Vestry have had no hall of their own in which to meet, while the Vestry Offices have been inconveniently situated in a private house. At election times public meetings had to be held at the corners of the streets, to the obstruction of traffic, owing to the want of a Public Hall. The new Town Hall, which has been built from designs by Messrs. Murray and Foster, includes not only excellent accommodation for the surveyor and overseers and other local officials, but also a large hall, a council-chamber, and a Coroner's Court. The hall, which is surrounded by a gallery, contains seating accommodation for nearly nine hundred people, and is provided with a platform suitable both for public meetings and for dramatic performances. The council-chamber is a very handsome room, panelled all round with oak, and with two massive oak fireplaces; and both the Coroner and jurors of Rotherhithe will feel much satisfaction with the comfortable room which has been specially provided for their accommodation.

Reports from Washington state that Miss Olga Nethersole has had a week of triumph in the American capital, and that everybody who was anybody, with the notable exception of the President of the United States, was present on the opening-night of "Carmen." The new President and his wife have not visited any theatre since the Inauguration, and there is an impression in Washington that Mr. McKinley, who is rather a strict Methodist, will not lend the light of his presence at first nights, as did President Cleveland. Miss Nethersole, however, played on her opening-night before the Vice-President and his wife, Senator Hanna (the "President-Maker," as he is called), and Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the defeated candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Bryan, who, by the way, put on his new dress-suit in honour of the occasion (for, be it known, he is not often more "dressed-up" than a frock-coat will make him), expressed himself as greatly impressed with the English actress, and his frequent hand-claps led the applause.

The cherry-blossom is now in its full glory, and a charming picture it makes, either close at hand or in the distance. The wild cherry-tree bears a very pretty blossom, and is often met with in Kent, Surrey, and some parts of Herts and Bucks, while the trees frequently attain the height of sixty feet or more. Growing as they do on the slopes of the Chiltern Hills, they make very conspicuous objects for miles around.



CHERRY-BLOSSOMS.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

It would serve a double purpose if these trees were more generally grown in parks, for they are very ornamental, and at the same time provide fruit for the birds, and thus attract them from the neighbouring gardens.

I went across the other evening to the South London to see "Little Queen Mab," a tiny lady twenty inches in height. She is a Parisian by

birth and education, as Mr. Chevalier would say, and has been scouring the world during the last eight years, having visited Turkey, Roumania, Asia Minor, Austro-Hungary, Germany, Russia, Denmark, and South Africa. I am told that she has appeared before members of our Royal Family and the Imperial Families of Russia, Germany, and Spain, the



"LITTLE QUEEN MAB."

Photo by Topaze, Paris.

Queen of Baroda, the Empress Eugénie, and President Kruger! She speaks English, French, and German to perfection, and is fond of horse-riding and dancing. This midget is a perfect actress, her gestures being those of a prima donna in miniature. She appears on the stage, introduced by Miss Nellie La Rose, in a variety of different characters, one of her prettiest being that of a sylph, when she does a serpentine dance in the limelight. Always up to date, she is coming out soon in a "quick-change" performance. Her carriage and ponies fairly "knock" the boys of South London, who congregate at the stage-door to see them come out. "After show" I had a chat with Queen Mab. "Which of the capitals do you like best?" "Oh, Paris and London!" cried this tiny woman of the world. In every way this fairy of ten pounds' weight leads the normal life of a full-grown person. She is, indeed, in no way abnormal except as to scale, for her proportions are perfect. "Do you need much sleep?" I asked. "Just the usual, and I can eat a whole cutlet," she cried, her wonderfully bright eyes dancing with triumph. "Do you ever drive in the Park?" "Not here, but in Paris often. My ponies' names are Wallace and Ruby." "When did you stop growing?" "When I was two." "Of course, I mustn't ask how long ago that was?" "Oh, no!" But Queen Mab need not be shy, for she is just sweet seventeen.

The latest tendency of the modern Parisian is to become too French. I note that the men and women of Paris show a marked inclination to model themselves after the fashion of "Mars." Much may be pardoned the modern Frenchwoman because of her elegant carriage, her charming taste in dress, her perfect manners; but the Frenchman may not be lightly forgiven. He should alter his style of headgear and the shape of his beard; if he wears mustachios only, he should train them differently. I have seen a multitude of men whose portraits, accurately copied, would be taken by the average comic paper in England to be caricatures.

Apropos of the proposed Jungfrau Railway, to which I referred last week, the concessionaire has got together the opinions of notable climbers and aeronauts on the subject of "mountain sickness." M. Spelterini, the aeronaut, seems to doubt the existence of such a malady; others ascribe it to want of "condition" or ill-advised refreshment, but the majority agree that it is an established fact, and Dr. Kronecker, of Berne, in a lengthy report gives the results of some interesting and convincing experiments. After a series of essays in a pneumatic chamber, he arrived at the conclusion already entertained by climbers, that exertion of any kind materially increased the distressing symptoms. He then arranged to have seven persons of different ages and constitutions carried to the top of the Breithorn from Zermatt. At a height of 10,000 feet the bearers (six to each Sedan-chair) were almost overcome, and their progress was very slow till the Plateau, 12,300 feet high, was reached. It was observed that at this height no great discomfort was felt when the "subjects" remained sitting quietly, but all suffered from palpitation and want of breath on making the slightest exertion. Dr. Kronecker was unable to proceed to any greater altitude, but he had sufficient data to come to the conclusion that persons carried to the height of the Jungfrau by the railway and lift need not experience any unpleasant sensations, but that they must not go in for exercise and sustained movement, or stay more than an hour or two on the summit, except they are mountaineers in good training. One can only hope that the workmen to be engaged in constructing the top lift will soon get acclimatised, but at first they will be rather like new apprentices at sea.

The editors of *Harper's Magazine* cater for a wide world of readers, and that without any undue leaning to the personal element which plays an increasing part in modern journalism, and, indeed, in literature. Mr. Poultney Bigelow continues his excellent series of articles on "White Man's Africa," and his account of "The White Man's Black Man" gives a pleasanter picture of the latter than is generally shown. His definition of the negro as "a child's spirit scattered about in a big black body" is very apt, and whether dealing with and describing the Zulus, the Basutos, the Hottentots, or the Matebele, Mr. Bigelow evidently grasps the many peculiarities of the native mind and conscience. It is significant that the enforcement of the liquor laws has reduced crime by nearly three-fourths in those districts of South Africa where the free sale of liquor to natives is prohibited. Mr. Smalley contributes a somewhat thin account of "English Country House Life," which may or may not be found useful by those of his fellow-countrymen who find themselves suddenly transported to manor-house or shooting-box. He has something to say on the great "tip" question, but he leaves the matter very much where he found it, save that he very rightly points out the absurdity of distributing five pounds where a sovereign would do.

The *Genealogical Magazine* is the latest monthly, having come with the "merry May, love," as Mr. Arthur Roberts would say. It is a handsome imperial-octavo, Mr. Elliot Stock being the publisher. It will attempt to combine interesting, illustrated family histories with the accurate and detailed evidences which are the real value of genealogical

writing, and this, I am sure, can be made interesting. The first number has an article on the Log of the Mayflower, and another on Shakspeare's family, so that want of topicality cannot be urged against the venture. Lady-Day ushered in the *Dome*, "a quarterly containing examples of all the arts," published at the Unicorn Press. The *Dome*, in reviewing itself, confesses to a surplussage of fads. It certainly does not supply any long-felt want. But in the midst of life we are in death, and so I have to record the vanishing of the *Lark* of San Francisco—quaintly emblemised in the poster which I reproduce here. In the whole range of eccentric journalism, which has been so much a rage since the fashion was set going by the *Yellow Book*, the *Lark* has held an unrivalled place for its sheer extravagance. Great credit is due to its publisher, Mr. Doxey, who has a sense of humour rare among his craft. Mr. Gelett Burgess, its editor, in



the closing number (that for April) withdraws in a grotesque cartoon over the legend—

Ah, yes! I wrote the "Purple Cow"—
I'm sorry now I wrote it;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'll kill you if you quote it.

Literary children are by no means unknown to most of us, and the author of "Rab and His Friends" immortalised six-year-old Marjorie Fleming, whose quaint verses and delightful little letters made her worthy of the friendship of Sir Walter Scott. Still, dear little Marjorie only attained posthumous fame, and it has remained for a tiny Chicago maiden, Myra Bredwell Helmer (no relation of the heroine of "A Doll's House"), not only to break the record by publishing a book at the age of six, but to also succeed in doing what many older authors fail in doing—that is, make a profit "on sales." This profit she very properly devoted to a Sick Babies' Fresh-Air Fund. Seriously, there is a great deal of imagination in the short fairy-tales which were taken down from Myra's lips. But we get odd glimpses of the kind of knowledge absorbed by the modern American child. The fairy-doctor is surely an up-to-date personage, but he sinks into insignificance beside a fairy-godmother who inquired if a hair "was a sidewalk for a microbe." We must wish Myra a longer life than her Scottish prototype, but she could not take a better model than Dr. John Brown's unsophisticated little friend Marjorie.

Yvette Guilbert now aspires to literary fame. She has herself written the words of some of her most striking *chansons*, and an American publisher has persuaded her to write a short romance. This page of autobiography, for Yvette frankly acknowledges that "The Eternal Enigma" is founded on an episode which occurred to herself, throws considerable light on the French feminine character. The British damsel sees nothing interesting, or indeed, worthy of pity, in unrequited love; the sight fills a Frenchwoman with keen distress, and, however

little she likes her unlucky lover, there always remains a certain tenderness "towards him who, at the best time of his life, gave her the sunshine of his heart and the flower of his thought." In Yvette's case the hero was a young painter, and although, as she quaintly puts it, she was never able to respond to his respectful and violent love, she consoled him as best she could with the soothing words of a mother who sings her first-born to sleep with a lullaby. But she does not tell us how the unlucky youth received these well-meant attempts at consolation.

An attraction has been added to "the greatest show on earth," and Madison Square Garden boasts of a new inmate. "Nelly," one of the finest captive lionesses in the world, has just given birth to the first lion cub born in New York. Miss Connard, the American Rosa Bonheur, sketched the tawny little stranger within a few weeks of its birth, and the result is curiously cat-like. The cub has escaped many of the dangers that generally beset those born into circus captivity. His mother, instead of eating him—a very common fate, alas!—is lavishing much rough tenderness on him. She will not allow even her own keeper to handle the baby, being in this matter far less docile than was the lioness whose four cubs excited so much interest at the Aquarium last year. Lions born and reared in captivity are highly prized by trainers, for they never acquire the furious strength and ferocity of their forest-bred comrades. The huge boxing-lion exhibited in London some years ago had actually been trained almost immediately after his arrival from Africa, but his negro trainer took his life in his hands every time he entered the cage.

I hear that the Zoological Society hope to receive, before long, two attractive additions to their menagerie, in the shape of a gorilla and an orang-outang. Only one specimen of the former has been exhibited in the Apes' House; it was purchased in the autumn of 1887, but did not survive very long. The new orang will be the eighth the Society has shown. They received a fine example "on deposit" in 1895, but the animal died over a year ago.

The opening of the Blackwall Tunnel next month will bring over a million people in the more or less congested districts of East London into easy communication with the comparatively open country of the South. Greenwich Park lies near to the Tunnel approach road on the South side, and will become a playground of East-Enders. A few years ago the park was in a somewhat neglected condition, but many improvements have been carried out. The park has just been enlarged by the addition of twelve acres, which have been hitherto enclosed, near the Ranger's Lodge. Greenwich Park contains the finest collection of old oaks and chestnuts to be found in London.



A FAMOUS OLD TREE IN GREENWICH PARK.
Photo by Sturdee.



THE EXTENSION OF GREENWICH PARK.
Photo by Sturdee.

This is a picture of the smallest lamb ever imported here from New Zealand. It was frozen into the block of ice as represented.

In a recent paragraph referring to the conversion of the 21st Hussars into Lancers, I stated that in 1806 "three Hussar regiments, the 7th, 10th, and 15th, were raised and equipped, to be followed in the course of time by ten others." A correspondent points out that, as a matter of



A NEW ZEALAND LAMB FROZEN INTO A BLOCK OF ICE.

Photo by A. Smith, Farringdon Street, E.C.

fact, only four have been raised since that time, the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st, and the other ten date back to periods long before. The 7th was raised in Scotland as Dragoons in 1688, and, though disbanded in 1714, was restored to the Army List in 1715. It saw a great deal of war service before and after its disbandment, and was converted into Hussars in 1807. When first raised it was a "Heavy" Dragoon regiment. The 10th was raised as Dragoons in 1715, and fought at Falkirk and Culloden in the Rebellion of 1745, and in Germany between 1758 and '63. It was converted into a Hussar regiment in 1806. The 15th was raised as Light Dragoons in 1759, and went to Germany in the following year, serving there with great distinction, and capturing sixteen stand of colours, which were presented to George III. in 1763. The 15th was accorded the peculiar distinction of bearing on the metal mountings of its black helmet the inscription, "Five Battalions of French defeated and taken by this Regiment, with their colours and nine pieces of cannon, at Emsdorff, 16th July, 1760." It became Hussars in 1806.

Lord Dudley owns the minerals underneath Quarry Bank, a small Black Country town of seven thousand inhabitants. His lessees are gradually undermining the town and ruining the houses. There is no legal remedy except by a rate levied on the allotment-owners between whom Pensnett Chase, on part of which Quarry Bank now stands, was parcelled out a hundred years ago. It has been found impossible to levy the rate. The people lose not only their homes, which many of them have built out of hard-earned savings, but their means of livelihood too.

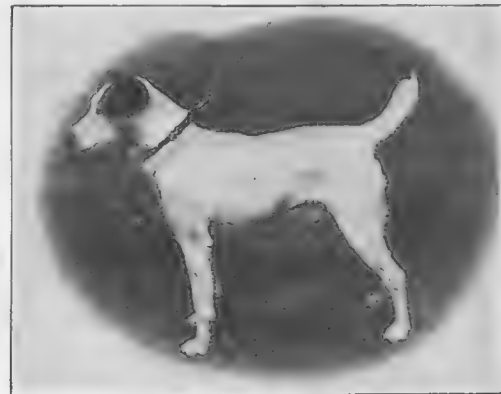


VIEW OF THE RUINED HOUSES AT STOUR HILL.

At present they await a reply from Lord Dudley to a petition, which has been largely signed, asking him to forego his manorial rights and thus fittingly celebrate the Diamond Jubilee year by giving them the privilege of living on secure ground.

It was in the summer of 1893 that the cheerfulness of pretty little Worthing was destroyed by the poisoning of the water, and the terrible scourge of typhus ensued and raged so long and virulently. The little town has long since recovered from the dreadful effects of that visitation, and the visit last week of the Duke of Cambridge should put a crowning touch to its revived prosperity, especially when we remember the purpose of the Duke's presence there. Worthing did not palter with the question of a fresh water-supply, and something over a hundred thousand pounds has been spent by the Corporation on that and an improved system of drainage. The Duke of Cambridge went down to Sussex to open the new waterworks, which are situated a few miles away from the town, at the foot of the beautiful downs which shelter this pleasant little watering-place from many a bitter northerly and easterly blast. The whole function went off with great success; the Duke started the engines, one of which is christened after him, feasted as a guest of the Corporation, and, unless he is impervious to the charm of scenery, thoroughly enjoyed a drive through some of the prettiest country in that delightful district which lies between the sea and the downs between Lancing and Littlehampton.

Compton Dollar is a typical, smart, and up-to-date smooth fox-terrier. He is by Champion Dominie out of Hostess, and is without a doubt the best son of that famous sire. He was born in February 1893, and during his little more than four years of life has had varied experiences of travel and of Continental and English dog shows. Compton Dollar was bred by Mr. R. H. Cartwright, of Wolverhampton, and was purchased from him by Madame Hoogeven, and with her won a first prize and a championship as a puppy on two occasions in Brussels. In 1894 he won firsts and special prizes at Antwerp, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Brussels. In 1896 he won three first prizes at Spa. Compton Dollar is a dog of tremendous pluck and courage (which is only to be expected coming as he does from the well-known Brockenhurst strain), and proved himself rather too much so for Madame Hoogeven, who offered him for sale. He was purchased by his present owner, Mr. H. BurrIDGE, of Shooter's Hill, Kent, who has shown him with great success in England, the game little dog taking first honours at Wolverhampton, Liverpool, Leicester, Manchester (the reserve), under such well-known judges as Mr. George Roper, Mr. Redmond, and others. At Brixton on April 6 he took a first prize, Mr. L. P. C. Astley judging. He will be seen in London during this month, when the Annual Show of the Fox-Terrier Club will be held at the Aquarium, when he will again be judged by Mr. Redmond.



COMPTON DOLLAR.

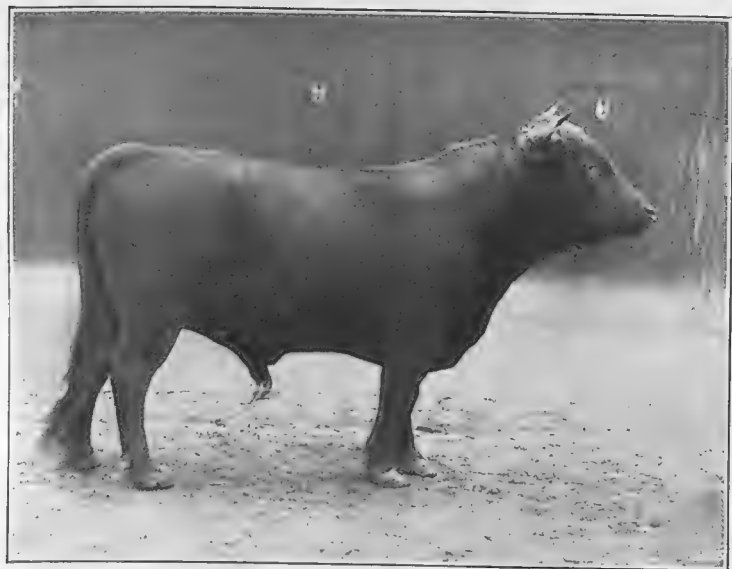
Photo by Chinn, Denmark Park, S.E.

The Royal Dublin Society's Annual

Spring Cattle Show, just held at Balls Bridge, was a magnificent success. The most important section was that devoted to Shorthorns, of which 268 were shown, the Earl of Caledon's splendid bull, "Sign of Riches," carrying off no less than three challenge cups of the aggregate value of £375. Mr. Arthur Owen and Major Claude Cane divided the honours in the Aberdeen Angus Cattle. Sir John Dillon did great things with his red polled cattle, and the show of Kerries, Ayrshires, Dexters, and Jerseys was remarkably good. The Clydesdale stallions and mares were considered the finest ever shown in Dublin. The Shire stallion Stanzaere Prince, shown by the Marquis of Downshire, was deservedly awarded first prize. A first prize was also carried off by Mr. Francis Gill for his beautiful draught filly, for which a high figure was refused. The classes for harness-horses produced a number of very smart animals, and much admiration was bestowed on Mr. Thomas Talbot Power's beautiful black horse Savoy, winner of a first prize and also of the Champion Cup. The prizes in the harness-ponies class were mostly secured by English owners, Mr. Thompson carrying off four firsts and one second prize.

The most popular portion of the show was that devoted to dogs. The entries numbered over five hundred, and the exhibits were remarkably fine, especially the St. Bernards, Irish terriers, fox-terriers, collies, wolf-hounds, spaniels, and dachshunds; while the Irish red setters, numbering 105, were greatly admired. The first prize for Irish wolfhounds was gained by Thingumthu, a magnificent animal, the property of Mr. James Traihar, Liscaud, Mrs. Gray taking second and third prizes with Killaloe and Shilela II. For St. Bernards, Messrs. Smith and Baker, of Leeds, took first prize with the Duke of Portland, Mrs. Semple securing the second and third with Leinster and Duchess of Richmond. No prize was awarded for Dalmatians, but the Earl of Drogheda's handsome exhibits were commended, and Major Claude Cane carried off the majority of the prizes for spaniels. The inclemency of the weather interfered with the attendance at the show, but, in spite of the rain, the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Cadogan were present one day and witnessed an imposing parade of the prize animals.

PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE DUBLIN SHOW.



MR. JAMES ROBERTSON'S DEXTER BULL, TOM THUMB.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



MR. O'MALLEY'S GUERNSEY COW, BONNIE MAID.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



A FIRST-PRIZE GREAT DANE.



LORD DROGHEDA'S DALMATIANS.



A FIRST-PRIZE IRISH WOLFHOUND.



MR. W. HARRIS THOMPSON'S TRILBY.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



MR. W. HARRIS THOMPSON'S EMPRESS.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

I have been furnished with full particulars with respect to my query concerning James Willing's stage adaptation of "Jane Eyre," called "Poor Relations." This melodrama, written in a prologue and four acts, was originally produced at the Park Theatre, Camden Town, on Wednesday, August 27, 1879. The cast was, principally, as follows—

Jane Eyre	Miss STELLA BRERETON.
Bertha	Miss FANNY ADDISON.
Blanche Ingram	Miss AMY STEINBERG.
Mary Ingram	Miss IDA HERTZ.
Mrs. Fairfax	Miss BELLA CUTHBERT.
Adele	Miss LOUISE NEVILLE.
Mr. Rochester	Mr. EDWARD PRICE.
Lord Ingram	Mr. EMMERSON.
John Reed	Mr. SHEPHERD.
Richard Mason	Mr. GEORGE BYRNE.
Rev. William Brocklehurst	Mr. ODELL.

Although this drama "played too long" on its first performance, it was acknowledged to be a powerful and exciting piece of work, and it was received with approval by a large audience. Mr. Willing had apparently forgotten the Horatian maxim not to exhibit horrors *coram populo*, for the wild appearance of Rochester's maniac wife, and the bloodstained hand of her brother, Richard Mason, were both considered to overstep somewhat the limits of stage realism as marked out in far-away 1879. The scene of the prologue was laid at the house of Mrs. Reed at Gateshead, where Jane Eyre, then but thirteen, was shown as badly treated, and was consigned to the charge of Mr. Brocklehurst, Principal of Lowood Academy. Seven years elapsed before the opening of act one, Jane being then found at Thornfield Hall as governess to Rochester's illegitimate daughter Adele. Her master's wooing and her promise to marry him ended the first act. The second, the most dramatic in the play, had an effective conclusion, differing considerably from the analogous passage in Charlotte Brontë's work; the marriage being prevented, not by the declaration in the church, but by the intervention of Mason, who proclaimed the truth just as his frenzied sister was rushing in upon Rochester and Jane, the latter already decked out in her bridal attire. More diffuse and less satisfactory were acts three and four, the fire at Thornfield Hall and the brightening of Jane's fortunes being leading points dwelt upon by the dramatist.



MR. COMPTON AS ESMOND.

Photo by Laugffer, Glasgow.

Jane Eyre. Mr. Edward Price, who died not long ago, played powerfully as Rochester; Miss Fanny Addison (Mrs. H. M. Pitt, and elder sister of Miss Carlotta Addison) was most realistic as the mad wife; and Miss Amy Steinberg (Mrs. John Douglass), Mr. Odell (now almost the "father" of the Savage Club), and the rest in the cast, did more or less good work. On its revival at the Standard Theatre on Easter Monday, April 18, 1881, "Poor Relations" was described as "the great sensation drama." Miss Bella Pateman then played the heroine, except in the prologue, when the youthful Jane was represented by Miss Alice Raynor. Mr. Leonard Boyne was the Rochester, Miss Fanny Addison and Miss Bella Cuthbert reappeared, and others in the company were Misses Dorá and Kate Vivian, Messrs. Ernest Wilmore, Walter Brookes, and A. H. Hatton. An earlier stage-version of the novel, called "Jane Eyre," was produced at the Surrey, during the régime of Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick, on Nov. 16, 1867, the principal rôles being sustained by Mr. E. F. Edgar (husband of Miss Marriott) and by Miss Pauncefort, then leading lady at the Surrey, and afterwards for so many years associated with the epoch-making Irving sway at the Lyceum.

And now for the dramatisation of another famous novel. A theatrical correspondent in Belfast sends me an account of Mr. Edgar Pemberton's adaptation of "Esmond," which Mr. Edward Compton recently produced. The version, he says, is of the stage, stagey; a much too strenuous endeavour being made to propitiate the man in the street. In concocting his mild perversion of the theme, Mr. Pemberton has had his eye fixed somewhat unduly on the unsophisticated country playgoer. The play is in a prologue and three acts, and the final act is an absurd anti-climax, a mere sop to Cerberus in the pit and gallery. For all practical purposes, the play ends with that fine dramatic moment at the end of the penultimate act, where Esmond breaks his sword and denies allegiance to the Pretender, while the voice of a herald is heard without proclaiming the accession of George I. All that follows is mere leather

and prunella. Fancy a final act of mere explanation, setting forth that Beatrix when she fled to France entered a convent—she, the sturdy Protestant—to repent her indiscretions, and in due time to return and bestow her worthless hand on Esmond! (Counsel to Mr. Compton, regarding the play, "Off with its tail—so much for booking em!") After this it will not be surprising to find that Beatrix has utterly lost her Thackerayan sting. In the process of dramatisation most of the characters, save Esmond, Lady Castlewood, and the Pretender, have lost their marked individuality. Apart from Mr. Compton's mannerisms, Esmond was well sustained throughout, particularly so in the great scene of the play already referred to. Obviously Mr. Compton is much too tall and too handsome for "le petit, jaune, le noir Colonel, le Marquis Misanthrope." But this is mere supercilious fault-finding, for all stage heroes (in the provinces) must ape the Apollo Belvedere.



MR. ARTHUR ROYSTON.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Mr. Arthur Royston, the clever young actor who has given so good an account of himself at the St. James's Theatre, has never done anything better than his present interpretation of the part of the Frenchman, Maxime Demailly, in "The Princess and the Butterfly," though he also scored considerable success as Rudolph in "The Prisoner of Zenda" during the absence of Mr. George Alexander. Mr. Royston is a native of Thornton Heath, was born in 1868, and educated at Sir Walter St. John's Grammar School at Wandsworth, and, after graduating in 1887, entered the Royal Academy Schools, where he was trained for an architect. However, he soon decided that the stage was his goal, and in 1890 obtained his first engagement with his present manager for "The Struggle for Life," at the Avenue Theatre. From there he went to the Comedy, and then on tour with "Ned's Chum," and, later on, with Barton White's "Young Pretender" and "Uncles and Aunts," after which he returned to the Comedy for "To-Day," in which piece he created a small part and also understudied Mr. Charles Hawtrey. A short engagement in the provinces followed, and then he rejoined Mr. Alexander's company at the St. James's Theatre, and has remained with him ever since. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" he played the servant and understudied Captain Hugh Ardale, a part he undertook several times with complete success, and in "The Masqueraders" he was the Fancourt, understudying Sir Brice Skeen, and then Remon, playing the latter rôle after only two rehearsals.



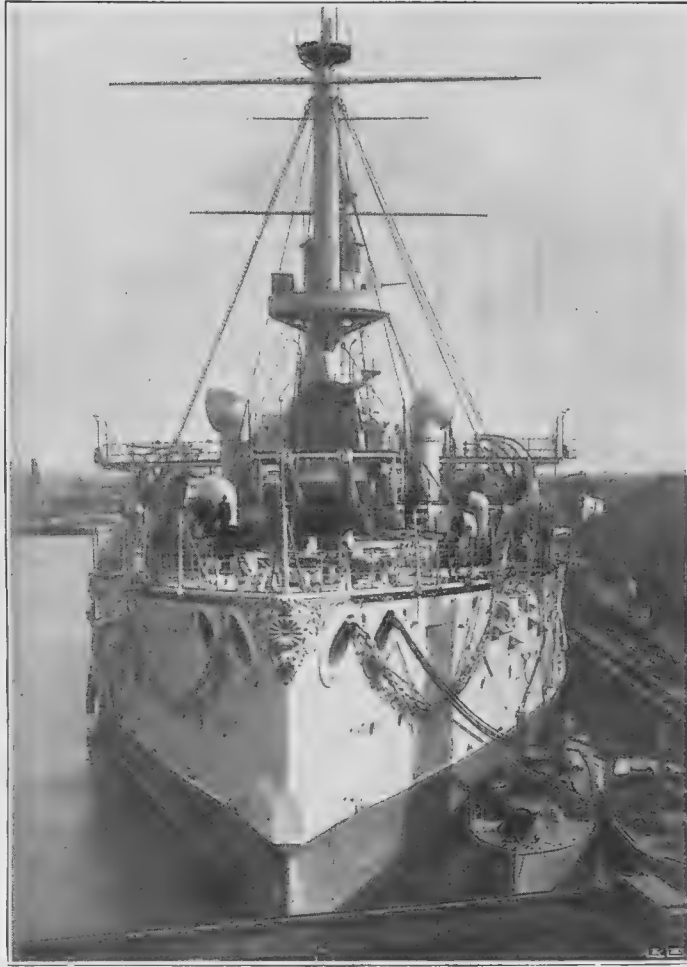
MISS POLLIE EMERY.

Photo by Falk, Melbourne.

Miss Pollie Emery is the daughter of Mr. Frank Emery, late lessee of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, and manager in Australia for Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove. She has spent some years abroad, and has made herself wonderfully popular all through Australasia, New Zealand, and South Africa, appearing under the management of Messrs. Brough and Boucicault and Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove. When Mr. Terry was in Australia she was specially engaged to play comic parts. She is particularly successful in the

portrayal of soubrette comedy parts, playing such opposite characters as Bella ("Our Flat"), Sheba ("Dandy Dick"), Polly Eccles ("Caste"), Sal Rawlings ("Mystery of a Hansom Cab"), Bob Buckskin ("Flying Scud"), and Amelia ("Lady Bountiful"). We doubtless shall shortly make the young lady's acquaintance in London, as she contemplates returning to England at the termination of her present engagement with Mrs. Brown-Potter, by whom she was specially retained to play Audrey in "As You Like It," Genarimo in "La Tosca," and other parts.

For throwing their ship open to the public the officers of the Japanese battleship *Fuji* (now lying at Tilbury Docks) deserve the thanks of all Londoners who take an interest in naval matters, but who seldom have a chance of examining a modern battleship. The *Fuji*, which has been built by the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, is one of the most perfect examples of the fighting-ship which the naval constructor has yet turned out, and so well are the Japanese naval authorities satisfied that contracts have lately been signed for the construction, by the same company, of a battleship larger and heavier than any now existing, and having a speed of not less than eighteen knots. Strong in defensive as in offensive power, and of high speed, the *Fuji* resembles closely our ships of the *Majestic* class, but is of rather smaller dimensions. She is of 12,600 tons against the *Majestic's* 14,900; yet, in spite of this, her protective armour of Harveyised steel is thicker, and her engines of greater power, while her armament is but slightly less formidable. Her principal armament consists of four 46-ton guns, and ten 6 in. quick-firers (100-pounders). The four largest are mounted in pairs, fore and aft, in powerfully armoured barbettes covered by heavy armour-shields, which protect the breech mechanism and gun crews just as



effectually as turrets; and the 6 in. guns are all mounted in separate casemates of Harveyised steel six inches in thickness. This is of sufficient strength to break up shell and resist all but the very heaviest shot, and all the guns are so mounted that a very heavy fire can be directed either ahead or astern, as well as on the broadsides. Besides these she carries twenty-four small quick-firers in her upper works and fighting-tops, and her torpedo armament is powerful. She is fitted with the electric light throughout, carries search-lights of great intensity, and her crew of nearly seven hundred men, now on board, are active and muscular, although individually they are of small stature. Outside the vessels of our *Majestic* class, few navies can produce a ship which would be anything like an equal match for the *Fuji*, and in the Northern Pacific, where she will soon find herself, she ought to be more than a match for any two ships at present serving in that quarter of the globe. The *Centurion*, our only battleship on the China station, has barely half her gun-power; while Russia's armoured cruisers in the Pacific (fine, powerful ships though they are) could not expect to come off best in an encounter with her. The *Fuji*, with her sister the *Yashima*, building at Elswick, will make a formidable addition to the fast-rising naval power of Japan.



THE JAPANESE WARSHIP "FUJI" AT TILBURY DOCKS.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN, LORDSHIP LANE, S.E.

When "The Geisha" celebrated its birthday on Monday week the Japanese Minister and several officers of the *Fuji* were present. This is the second time the *Fuji* has figured at Daly's. In the end of March the officers and crew were invited by Mr. Edwardes to see the play, and in return the jaunty Japs diverted the "Geisha" Company on board the *Fuji*, where a theatrical entertainment was given on the upper deck. There was no act-drop, but at the end of each act the Japanese Imperial flag was drawn across the proscenium opening. All the characters, as in Japan itself, were impersonated by males. The wigs, scenery, and properties had been prepared on board the craft by the officers and crew. Commander Iwamoto, a hero of the Chino-Japanese conflict, stage-managed, and displayed real genius in the pictorial effects and the groupings and "business." The "Chon Kina Dance" was tripped by a stoker, much to the amusement of Miss Letty Lind. There was a quartette of sailors, typical and emblematic of the union of Japanese and British hearts. To wind it all up, the sailors sang "Auld Lang Syne" in Japanese. The lower decks had been transformed into a miniature garden, with trailing plants and flower-beds laid out, each with its neat descriptive label.

The admirable playing of the Blue Viennese Band at the Imperial Institute has wakened me to an interest in the subject. I find that these Hungarian and Viennese bands came into vogue in this country about ten years ago, with the growth of "at homes" as social functions. Guests wanted to talk while they were entertained, and this was never agreeable for either side during solo singing and playing. Now here were orchestras of trained artists, with light and bright programmes. Their music stimulated rather than restrained the greetings and intercourse of friends. Managers were not slow to see this, and Austrian and Hungarian bands appeared in our midst. Vienna and Buda-Pesth have a lighter touch than the brazen Prussian, and the fine combinations now in London have not the counterpart of the trombone man in the German band who sued his chief for wrongful dismissal because he would translate the crushed fly on his music-sheet into sound, and explained, "Ze vly vos dere : I did blay him."

No; the members of the "at home" and concert orchestras are masters of their instruments. They are drawn from the Conservatoires of their capitals, and only the best men are chosen. They bring their own conductors with them. Herr Moritz Wurm, who is conductor of

the Blue Viennese Band, musical director of the Red Viennese Band, and leader of Kossuth's Blue Hungarian Band, was, during his term of conscription in the Austrian Army, solo-violinist and leader of the celebrated string band of his regiment, the 55th, the Ritter von Merke. He was, of course, from his youth a musician by natural gift. After his military service he came to England, and in 1895 organised the Blue Viennese Band—all Austrians or Hungarians—which has since played



THE ENTERTAINMENT ON BOARD THE "FUJI."

Photo supplied by Mr. Iwamoto.

delightfully at the Imperial Institute and many other gatherings, notably at the Prince's Skating Club during its crowded season. They admit willingly that England pays them better than any other European country. Many of their airs are specially written for them, and Herr Wurm has himself added to their repertoire. Great verve and spirit is a characteristic of their playing, and their bright, attractive uniforms enhance the charm.

In winter many return to their homes, where they have regular engagements, but some of the big orchestras are never disbanded and remain in England throughout the year. One or two of the bands comprise thirty musicians, who sometimes play in quartettes and sextettes, and often three sets are engaged at one time in different places. Such orchestras are mostly engaged by the big theatrical libraries, such as Keith Prowse, Mitchell, Ashton, and others. Strange to say, there are scarcely any of these organised Hungarian orchestras in Paris. There are many Hungarian musicians, but they are isolated immigrants who drift into the café-chantant orchestras, like the ex-Princesse de Chimay's amorous fiddler Rigo, a typical Tzigane, bred on wild Hungarian airs. The *umbalo*, the national instrument of Hungary, is a feature in all the orchestras.

Miss Nelly Ganthony has lately been playing, on tour, the part of Diana Chesney, the American Girl, in the Shaftesbury version of "The Sorrows of Satan."

Miss Sidney Crowe, who has made such a good impression by her performance of Mrs. Boswell in Leo Trevor's episode, "Doctor Johnson," at the Strand, is daughter of Miss Kate Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), and has gained her experience in the provinces, where she has touring two aunts, Miss Isabel Bateman and Mrs. E. Compton, and the latter's husband.



THE BLUE VIENNESE BAND AT THE PRINCE'S SKATING CLUB.

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A STORY OF THE TOWN.

When Jack Barnes came to London to see a little of the world he was a boy that it was worth something just to look at. He was fresh from the country, and his face was peachy with the tints that come from plenty of new milk, the breath of the hills, and the smell of the honeysuckle.

Jack was three-and-twenty, and with one exception a total stranger to London; Mr. Allan Palmer was that exception. Mr. Palmer had been Jack's friend at school; they had occupied the same desk, and Jack had worked Palmer's examples and coached him for examination. Allan, who was graceful, chivalrous, and dashing from childhood up, had in his turn been the avowed champion and sponsor of Jack whenever occasion for either such office presented.

Mr. Allan Palmer, whose parents were wealthy, now occupied chambers in the Inner Temple, and was a barrister. It was but natural that Jack should turn to his old-time comrade now as before.

Mr. Palmer welcomed Jack effusively. He had a real affection for him that even in separation had outlasted many of his later attachments, which, in the very nature of his present existence, had been necessarily ephemeral. He had been in London five years, and his education had been acquired very fast. The old dash was still there, but had been subdued and polished, and there was an air of easy self-possession about him that was combined with just the least trace of weariness and cynicism, all of which Jack rather admired as being evidence of town culture which it was desirable to possess. For himself he was still very boyish, very handsome, and very innocent.

Jack's admiration for his friend increased daily. He seemed to know everything that was worth knowing. He knew the best place in town to buy the most perfectly fitting gloves, a tailor who, being a true artist, kept a small shop only for a few choice patrons who were willing to pay for the real thing.

Then, too, Palmer had such a vast social acquaintance. It seemed to Jack that he knew everybody, especially the ladies. There was hardly a circle in town that did not include Mr. Palmer. He was equally at home among the chastely intellectual few, the feverish whirl of the butterfly throng, the riotous jollity of the Bohemians, and the still more riotous, more feverish, more gilded gaiety of that certain element to be found all over town.

Unto each of these social phases Jack was duly presented. The intellectual chastity of the high moral plane chilled him, the gilded wickedness shocked him, the riotous Bohemians disgusted him with their drinking orgies and their negligent habits, the butterfly whirl fascinated and frightened, and, on the whole, rather pleased him. He had read a number of breezy novels dealing with this gay multitude, and he felt he might become almost a part of those charming stories.

Palmer introduced him liberally, and his first sense of fright faded away. His fresh beauty and innocence pleased these people; he was a new specimen, and they made much of him.

Jack liked it more and more. He liked the splendour of lighted drawing-rooms filled with soft, dreamy music, and the heavy odours of hothouse flowers. He liked to turn night into day with a thousand magic jets and crystal pendants. He liked to see the white arms and throats of beautiful women sparkling with diamonds. He liked to drift down the room with one of these rare creatures in his arms, in and out a sea of others, in a heavenly intoxication of perfume and music and whispered words. He liked to array faultlessly his fine, manly figure, and see it reflected in the tall mirrors. He liked the play, the opera, the concerts, and the gay suppers afterward. And yet these things were rather expensive on the whole. He had spent a good deal of money and borrowed some of Palmer. He was naturally liberal and good-hearted; then, too, he was very much in love—very much indeed.

Among others, Palmer had introduced him to a remarkably pretty young woman, whose age might be anywhere from eighteen to thirty: Miss Leslie, very bright—exceedingly so—and stylish, no name for it. She was a decided revelation to Jack. They had nothing like this in the country—always perfectly at home, and never under any circumstances embarrassed or at a loss for words. Jack worshipped from afar, and caught his breath when he saw with what familiarity she treated Palmer—quite like a sister, in fact. Would she ever treat him that way? The thought gave him a pang of delicious fright, and half-an-hour later, when she came and sat by him and talked to him in her vivacious, sparkling way—drawing him out and making him talk more and better than he had ever talked to any woman—he surrendered without a struggle, and became her slave. Jack remembered now only at rare intervals that he had a mother and two very dear and sweet sisters at home in the country. He remembered them, in fact, only when he received their letters, which he replied to at once, feeling rather guilty all the time he was writing, telling of a great many nice things he had seen, but, for some reason, no word as yet of Miss Leslie. His profuse admiration of this lady as expressed to Palmer only caused that gentleman to smile and assure Jack that she was certainly a very wonderful young woman in fact, and that he, Jack, would do well to be careful and not get caught. As if he was not already caught; as if he did not want to be caught; as if he did not glory, and dream, and live in the halo of the fact that he was thoroughly and irrevocably caught,

and loved her to distraction, confident that she reciprocated it all! He did not say these things to Palmer as yet. He was a little timid—his old schoolfellow might laugh—he would wait. He would not tell anybody until he had asked her. In the meantime the world was very beautiful to Jack; that is, such of it as he saw, for he had reversed the order of things, and, like other moths, was mostly on the wing by gaslight. The old pleasures of the field—the whispering trees, the dark, rushing trout-streams—were forgotten, or remembered with a smile. This was indeed life! The great Mrs. Russell had made him her favourite *protégé*, and the superb Miss Leslie had complimented him as the best-dressed man in their set. He, Jack Barnes! Well, well!

At last it was done. They had been out for a drive together, and he had offered himself to her—wholly, unconditionally, world without end. He—J. Barnes, Esq.—with his still handsome face, whose roses the noxious gas vapours had not yet wholly destroyed, his big, manly form, and his bigger and manlier heart. Then, for the first time, he had seen Miss Leslie rather frightened. She turned quite pale, and hesitated.

"Oh, Mr. Barnes!" was all she managed to say.

And believing her discomposure due to love's embarrassment, and loving her for it all the more, he urged his suit so bravely and so tenderly that she was quite overcome, and accepted him, tearful and trembling.

"Oh, I do love you—I do love you!" she said a little hysterically, "and, with the aid of Heaven, I will make you a good, true wife." While Jack, wild with joy, did not notice anything in the voice or words to awaken doubt. Full to the brim of happiness, he held her hand while he drove some distance in silence, then he shivered a little—it was growing cold. The early Spring day had been warm and pleasant, but there were still tiny patches of snow about, and the sun was setting. Jack looked away over the fields to the west. Out there somewhere in the far-off ruddy-tinted distance lay his home. He could not see it, he saw only some dark tatters of railway-engine smoke that were straggling across the face of the setting sun.

There was to be a great reception that night, and Jack called for Palmer at his chambers according to agreement. He was arrayed with care, and wore a flower in his button-hole. Palmer was not quite ready, and stood before his dressing-table adjusting his tie, talking, meantime, to Jack, who answered somewhat spasmodically, while he toyed with the pretty things on Mr. Palmer's table. There were silver toilet articles, bottles of Florida-water, and a decanter of brandy; also a number of fancy trifles that were evidently the work of female hands, and a pair of silver-mounted duelling-pistols.

"For ornament only," Palmer explained; "nobody ever really uses them now—bad form."

Jack picked up one of them, then, seeing it was loaded, laid it back in the case and began to walk up and down the room. Palmer, deep in the intricacies of hairdressing, was for the moment silent. Then Jack spoke.

"Look here, Allan," he said suddenly, "I suppose you know it already, but I'm going to tell you again, anyway."

Palmer, at that moment intent on a parting, made no reply.

"The fact is," continued Jack nervously; "I'm completely gone—done for, so to speak. To come to the point, I'm awfully in love with Miss Leslie, and I'm going to marry her."

Mr. J. Barnes stopped in the middle of the room, and, facing about, waited for Palmer to reply. The latter gave his hair a finishing touch, then wheeled around rather quickly.

"Marry her!" he ejaculated, staring at Jack in some surprise.

"Yes, marry her, of course; what else? I asked her to-day, and she has accepted me, and told me, with tears in her eyes, that she loved me and would make me a true wife."

Palmer's astonishment seemed to increase.

"You asked her to marry you," he repeated slowly, "and she has accepted and promised to love you and make you a true wife. Oh, she has—she—she will—she will make you a true wife."

Palmer seemed about to break out into a fit of laughter, but, seeing the look in Jack's face, refrained.

"Look here, Allan, what do you mean?" said Jack, growing very white. "I want to know what you mean?"

Before replying, Palmer calmly slipped on his dress-coat, thus completing his toilet, then, with his hands in his pockets, strode twice up and down the room, scarcely seeming to remember his friend. After a moment he went to the window and stared out on the lighted streets below. Jack, meanwhile, remained motionless and speechless, waiting. Suddenly Palmer wheeled.

"Look here, Jock," he said, calling him for the first time in years by a pet name he had given him as a boy, "if you were any other man on God's earth I wouldn't say a word. I would hold my tongue and no one would ever be the wiser. Jock, old man, let this thing drop. Miss Leslie is a bright girl—a charming creature; but she is not for you—for your wife, I mean. She is—is frivolous, wild, unreliable, fast—whatever you call it; that is, she is—she is not—an honest woman. Why, damn it, old man," he continued hurriedly, and getting very red, "she was my—very particular friend for two years," and there was a peculiar emphasis in the words that could not be misunderstood. Then,

noting the look on the other's face, Palmer added quickly, "Here, old boy, here's some brandy; take a good big drink; take that chair by the fire" (seeing that Jack shivered); "I'll mix you a good drink. I'm awfully sorry, old man, awfully sorry! I ought to have told you before, but really I never thought you—I had no idea—we don't take things so seriously, you know, here. Good—take another, it'll do you good. Don't go out to-night. I'll make excuses for you. Stay here by the fire with the brandy and be comfortable; nobody to disturb you—not a soul on the premises, everybody gone to the theatre; all nice and quiet and comfortable."

Jack nodded without replying.

Palmer drew a little table near to him, and placed the decanter and a glass in the middle of it.

"Now just stay quietly here," he continued, "and there's my bed in the next room; whenever you feel like it, just turn in. You'll be all right in the morning. Awfully sorry, Jock, old fellow—all in the way of an education, you know—a sort of graduating test; hard hit once myself," and Palmer wrung Jack's hand, that dropped down lifelessly when he let go of it, and, slipping on his overcoat, tripped away to a waiting hansom, leaving the young man staring silently into the cheerful fire.

The minute-hand of the clock on the mantelpiece crept twice round, and still Jack sat there and did not move. The fire in the grate got low, and the dead cinders dropped through into the ash-pan beneath. By-and-by he rose, and, going to the dressing-table, turned out the gas. There was still a red glow in the grate that dimly lighted the room. Then he turned to the window and looked out for a long time on the lighted city, then out over the bleak house-tops toward the west, where lay his home.

Palmer, meanwhile, amid a crowd of laughing, chattering people, had wholly recovered himself. He forgot Jack once or twice entirely. When Mrs. Russell inquired for him, he put her off with a plea of important business. Later on Miss Leslie touched his arm.

"Look here, Allan," she said suspiciously, "where's Barnes?"

"Jack? Oh, he's right enough; a trifle too much brandy this evening—spirits a little too high." Then, laughing at his own wit, he left her to join a very pretty young lady who had just entered.

Miss Leslie watched him a moment.

"Has Jack told him?" she thought. "I think he has—I am sure he has; and, oh! what did he say? Was he faithful to him or to me?" She drew away from the crowd into a corner. "Oh, I will make him a faithful wife," she moaned; "I do love him, and if he marries me I will be a good wife, so help me God!"

It was grey dawn when all the company dispersed. Palmer was among the last to leave. He did not take a cab; he preferred the early morning walk before he retired. It was an antidote for the fumes and perfumes of the crowded rooms.

As he walked along his thoughts reverted to Jack.

"Poor boy! he is sleeping it off. He will be all right when he wakes up."

He was remembering himself now in his school-days, and Jack. The love which these two had borne for each other had been always sincere. He remembered with considerable tenderness Jack's earnest, chubby face bending over his slate patiently poring over the long examples which he, Palmer, despised. He remembered the summary punishment which he had administered to various of their schoolfellows who had ventured to impose upon his chum's good-nature. Then he remembered the little blue-eyed girl whom Jack had worshipped and lost much sleep over, because she, in common with the other girls, had loved Palmer. For her neglect of Jack, Palmer had punished her with harsh treatment, whereupon she had hated Jack and made his life miserable. A little blur was creeping up over Palmer's eyes; not tears—only the mists of recollection.

Arriving at the door of his chambers, he laid his hand on the knob and entered. The room was dimly lighted from the half-curtained west window. The fire had gone out, and it was cold and cheerless. The first object that caught his eye was the decanter on the little table—it was empty. Then he started the least bit, for he saw that Jack, with his back toward him, still sat in the easy-chair before the grate.

"Poor Jock," he said tenderly; "he has filled up and gone to sleep; I must get him to bed." He went closer. "Jock, old man!" he called, and laid his hand on the sleeper's shoulder. Then he uttered a loud cry and staggered against the mantelpiece for support.

Jack did not awaken. A silver-mounted pistol lay on the floor beside him, and there was blood—a big stain—on the carpet.

"THE FLIGHT OF THE KING."

It would seem that the day is not far distant when it will be safe to venture on a new definition of our kind, as thus: "Man is a collecting animal." For collectors do daily increase, some spending their labour on that which profiteth not, others with wiser purpose. Of the latter class is Mr. Allan Fea, whose own peculiar *cacoëthes colligendi* has led him to gather together, arrange, and illustrate all the facts and fancies relating to the romantic escape of King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester. Mr. Fea's researches, carried on as a pastime for upwards of fifteen years, have resulted in a book so minute and painstaking that it seems practically to have exhausted the subject.

It was not the author's original intention to compile a treatise. He is, indeed, though a genuine book-lover, more a man of figures than a professed man of letters, for the Bank of England claims the major part of his time. As Mr. Fea's stores of information increased, however, the book became inevitable, and at last "The Flight of the King" found favour with Mr. John Lane, and it has been issued by the Bodley Head in a goodly format, enriched with choice illustrations, many of which are from the author's own pencil.

The origin of the work was peculiarly appropriate. When a boy of fifteen, Mr. Fea read "Woodstock," and was smitten with Stuart virtuosity. A little later he read Ainsworth's "Ovingdean Grange," and, having paid a visit to that neighbourhood, began making little sketches of places historically interesting. So his interest grew, and at length he contemplated a revised edition of Hughes' "Boscobel Tracts": but that scheme was abandoned in favour of the present work, which fittingly takes the form of an illustrated tour in the footsteps of the fugitive monarch.

Starting at Worcester, the writer takes his readers to the top of the Cathedral tower, to get the lie of the land, even as Charles did; then, step by step, with note- and sketch-book and a perfect mastery of the existing literature of the subject, Mr. Fea proceeds laboriously to examine places, traditions, and persons, from lords of the manor down to smock-frocked sons of the soil, elucidating, comparing, correcting, and here and there, of course, lighting on a discovery. Relics he is careful to get at and examine, and if he does not actually acquire these, he at least secures sketches, photographs, or descriptions to illustrate his story.

The first part of the book is divided into twelve stages, from Worcester to Whiteladies, thence by Hobbal, Evelith, and Madeley to Boscobel, where he finds that the so-called Royal Oak is not the original hiding-place, for that was pollarded, which the existing tree has never been. From Boscobel he passes to Moseley, and so on, stage by stage, until the King is safely embarked at Shoreham for Fécamp. Everything that can possibly be known about every place and every person connected with the King's escape is laboriously brought to light. Mr. Fea has had the satisfaction of identifying, by sheer historical acumen, the meeting-place of Charles and Ellesdon. An obscure phrase in a manuscript by Captain Alford, Mayor of Lyme in 1684, provided the necessary clue.

The second part of the work contains five interesting tracts, not included in the Hughes collection. A copious Appendix contains the pedigrees of several families who risked their fortunes to further the escape. These genealogies are supplementary to the pedigrees of the more famous Penderels, Whitgreaves, Lanes, and Wyndhams, already given in the "Boscobel" volume. It may not be generally known that Mr. Penderel Brodhurst, of the *St. James's Budget*, is descended from one of the famous Penderels. There are at the present moment twenty recipients of the notorious annuities granted by Charles II. to various members of the House of Penderel. The late M. Waddington was also descended from one of the annuitants. To Jane Lane, who rode pillion behind the King, Mr. Fea and his publisher, as in duty bound, have been specially chivalrous, sparing no pains to enhance her fame by picture and story. The plucky beauty's portrait appears in five exquisite reproductions, which constitute not the least charm of the volume.

Mr. Fea has had no mere summer-holiday task, for his leave from duty often occurs in winter or late autumn. His antiquarian hobby, it is interesting to note, has been greatly aided by the latter-day bicycle, the author occasionally rushing off to a great distance to snatch even a day's research. He is thus, in more senses than one, a man of "records." He is, besides, an enthusiastic collector of Stuart portraits.



CHARLES II.



THE ART OF THE DAY.

A preliminary glance at the New Gallery proves once more how difficult it is to appraise an exhibition according to averages; it is no less than customarily difficult to decide whether the merit of the Summer Exhibition at the New Gallery is greater or less this year than it has



IN A DORSETSHIRE VALLEY.

Etched by William Hole, after the picture by E. M. Wimperis.

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been in any of the former nine years of that institution's career. There is, if you must take it "in the lump," the usual quantity of really distinguished merit, the usual quantity of dullness, and the usual quantity of unconscious humour. Perhaps it is on the side of symbolism that the artists of the New Gallery this year make their least successful show. Mr. Watts, for once, is not symbolic, but mythological; and Sir Edward Burne-Jones accordingly leads the band of pious thinkers with his "Pilgrim of Love." The picture has a sort of noble effect in general, with its dark expanses of low but not unglowing colour. But the symbolism? Well, it is the personification of Swinburne's—

Love that is first and last of all things
made,
The light that moving has man's life
for shade.

And that personification is imaged by a dark, weird figure following the lead of a light, young life from a wilderness of thorns and other difficulties. It is the "thorns and other difficulties" that disturb the serenity of the picture. The brambles are like nothing so much as prickly bicycle-tyres, and a flight of wheeling birds is more unlike a really moving flock of birds than most things on this side of a flight of quadrupeds. If these things were different, one might forget all about the symbolism, which, frankly, is feeble.

In portraiture, as in former years, Mr. Sargent wins the highest honours. His "Mrs. George Swinton" is a triumph of brilliant portrait-painting in every detail, from the rubies on the hair to the upholstery of the chair against which the lady leans. In the painting of silk Mr. Sargent has achieved an effect of magnificent simplicity; but the whole work glows with vitality and with the finest sort of proud self-consciousness, as though the artist boldly challenged the admiration and applause of the world. A second

portrait by the same painter, "Study by Lamplight of Mrs. George Batten, Singing," is exceedingly clever—a piece of pure observation that is absolutely true, unerringly convincing. Next to Mr. Sargent's portraits perhaps Mr. Tuke's "Miss Kitson" may rank in the gallery as a not too remote second. The dress, a wonderful array of violet silks and laces, is painted with a care and a conscientiousness so complete that one is almost led to the conclusion that it is over-painted. Clever as it is, this is not the broad and sweeping method by which Mr. Sargent, or, say, Carolus Duran, interprets the gay mystery of satins and furbelows. Mr. Shannon's work is always interesting, and his portraits of the Marchioness of Granby and of Lord Ross have all his refined elegance and delicacy of sentiment and manner.

The art of Mr. William Hole as an etcher of great brushwork is so well known that it is delightful to see him represented here by his etching after the picture by Mr. E. M. Wimperis, R.I., "In a Dorsetshire Valley." Those who have known Mr. Hole in his reproductions of Velazquez, of Millet, and others, know that in this kind of work—the exact and masterly repetition of paint, as it were, in black-and-white—he is nearly without a rival; and in this reproduction of Mr. Wimperis's canvas you see the picture itself—the trees cling together, the clouds roll over the sky, the grass bends to the stream. This is to know the limits of your medium with something like perfection.

"Her First Love," by Mr. Herbert Dicksee, also reproduced, is a pretty study in somewhat obvious sentiment. The child, weakly graceful, kneels before a fire embracing a great dog that returns the sentiment with an interest that is perhaps a trifle too human. The emotion is nice and agreeable, and the artist's work is altogether adequate. Both Mr. Hole's work and an original etching of Mr. Dicksee's picture are being published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol, by whose permission they are reproduced here.

The Fine Art Society's Galleries opened on Saturday with an exhibition of Jan van Beers' pictures. Paris is also represented at Mr. Larkin's gallery in New Bond Street, where are shown some of the articles of vertu purchased from the sale of Edmond de Goncourt.



HER FIRST LOVE.—HERBERT DICKSEE.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol, who are publishing an Etching of it.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, of Edinburgh, have just issued the life of Sir James Y. Simpson in their "Famous Scots Series." Sir James Simpson will always be famous in connection with his



SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON.

introduction of chloroform as an anæsthetic. The state of affairs in hospitals during surgical operations before his time cannot be realised by us now, accustomed as we are to painless surgery, and still more inconceivable is the opposition which chloroform met on its first being used, more especially in gynæcology. It was reviled as tampering with the primal curse, and therefore impious, and the storms of controversy which arose lingered round the Edinburgh Professor's name as long as he lived. One of the most interesting chapters recounts the astonishing experiments which the Professor, along with his friends and assistants, made on themselves with all the known kinds of anæsthetics. It appears to have been no uncommon thing for three or four of them to be, as they put it, "under the table" at the same time. On several occasions Sir James Simpson imperilled his life in his search after an ideal anæsthetic; but he lived to see his discovery revolutionise surgery, a discovery which, with Lister's antiseptic methods, forms Britain's invaluable contribution to the medical knowledge of our times.

Not even in "New Grub Street" was Mr. Gissing more depressed and hopeless than in "The Whirlwind" (Lawrence and Bullen); not that there or anywhere else has he been so detailed and conscientiously painstaking. It is nearly impossible to see his wood for trees; it is but rarely he takes you up to a little height from whence you may view the way you have come. Yet he keeps the details in hand, and though I refuse to believe they are all necessary, at least they do not hang at loose ends. It is, however, futile to object at this time of day to Mr. Gissing's style, which is a part of himself. He sees life like that, in crowded patches of vision, and there is an end of it. The new story is a warning against the way we live now, and not so much a warning as a lament, for he can think of no very clear remedy for the evils. Money-grubbing, excitement, ostentation, and endless craving for excitement or for nerve-stimulants—that is our life. He does not paint high society, but middle-class folks, mostly in financial and so-called artistic circles. There, he declares, the repose, the dignity of living, have vanished; and yet repose and leisure make the atmosphere in which children should be reared. On the men to whom life is the Money Market, on the women who are bored by the humdrum duties of attending to their offspring, he pours out the vials of his wrath. In such a mood he could not be fair, and so his virtuous people—there are not many—live in the country and are very old-fashioned, while his wicked ones haunt London and have no talents for domesticity. It is unfair over and over again; it is unsympathetic to much in human nature as natural and as meritorious as the domestic instincts; but there is too much truth in it. For its subject is not merely the wrong aims of to-day, but how such aims and how all our restlessness and frivolous business affect the average person, who is neither very lofty nor very strong, and who needs a better ideal of life than the one that serves him now. Only, for even the average person there are possible escapes. He is affected not merely by his immediate surroundings, but by a thousand instincts and impulses within and without him. For good or evil, he is constantly doing the unexpected, and this the systematic Mr. Gissing is unable to find comfort in.

In Ouida's "The Massarenes" (Sampson Low) we have another indictment of modern life, far more violent, sensational, and lurid. It is a much uglier picture, but we feel lighter-hearted at the end of it than we do after "The Whirlwind." Perhaps we have come to think that the sins of the peerage and of the millionaires don't much matter; and—well, Ouida's undoubted talents are not those of a convincing satirist. But in melodrama she is nearly as good as ever, and the cleverness of her splashy scene-painting effects, and her versatility, have in no degree weakened. Massarene, the millionaire from Dakota, is almost a great creation, in conception far from elementary or ordinary, and only spoilt by the vulgarity which is always playing havoc with the inventions of her imagination and her brain. For the rest, we have the usual expensive backgrounds, the extravagance of language, the reckless extremes of virtue and of vice, the bandying about of high names, the sublime sentiment and the coarseness, also the abounding vitality, which Ouida has accustomed us to in her long career as public entertainer.

An interesting collection of Wagner's letters has been translated by Miss E. C. Sellar, and published by Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol. They are addressed to August Roeckel, a musician of some repute, but better-known as a politician and popular leader. In 1849 he was imprisoned

for his part in trying to maintain the liberties of Saxony, and his intimate friend Wagner kept up an irregular correspondence with him during his confinement. As Mr. H. C. Chamberlain, who writes the preface, says, the letters are of more worth and interest to ordinary folks than his correspondence with Liszt, who, artistically at least, was at one with Wagner, and did not need convincing by argument. Roeckel, on the contrary, disputed points, and in his answers the composer discusses first principles, and states his views of art and his philosophy of life. They are sad letters, written at a time when Wagner had attained some success, but a success which he despised, for, though his "Tannhäuser" was being given in all the German opera-houses, and he was receiving invitations to England and America, he believed his views and purposes to be entirely misunderstood, and he saw no prospect of what he considered the most serious work of his life, the "Ring," being ever adequately represented. The last of the twelve letters, however, describes his meeting with Louis II. of Bavaria. "Lo! of a sudden a young man appears, as if from heaven, destined for me by the stars. He knows me, and understands me as if by inspiration, as no one else has done." Through this meeting the musician's dreams were realised.

The late Professor Freeman's "Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine," consisting of papers reprinted from the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review*, is hardly the book for a holiday trip. It is one rather to add to an architectural library. If you know all about Norman churches before you have read it, you will know a little more, or, on a few points, a little differently afterwards. If you know nothing, it will tell you little, and it will do that in an unattractive way. The architect, the historian, and the picturesque tourist will each call it incomplete, and each may find it useful. It is not quite fair to Freeman's memory that the papers should be reprinted save as hasty jottings.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, with that seriousness of which he is a consummate master, is reprinting some of his Georgian stories which have appeared in the *Yellow Book*. "The Happy Hypocrite" has now appeared as a "Bodley Booklet." The only fault to be found with the clever *jeu d'esprit* is its suggestion that the author has some genuine sentiment concealed about him somewhere. One day it may insist on more prominent utterance. An unhappy day that will be; for sentiment at war with a particular talent for expressing its opposite is a sorry sight.

"The Secret Rose" (Lawrence and Bullen), Mr. W. B. Yeats's new book of prose tales, does not obtrude its inner meaning; but the keynote is struck in the first of the two mottoes he has chosen to suggest the contents: "As for living, our servants will do that for us." Villiers de l'Isle Adam is the author of this arrogant and profound saying. In the prefatorial Dedication to the mystic "A. E.," Mr. Yeats writes: "Ireland, which is still predominantly Celtic, has preserved, with some less excellent things, a gift of vision which has died out among more hurried and more successful nations: no shining candelabra have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one looks into the darkness there is always something there." This spiritual vision is the hindrance to the virtues recognised and rewarded by civilisation: that is the new significance of the tales, which, nevertheless, do not sacrifice vigorous narrative to any inner meaning. The six that tell the

life-history of the disreputable hedge-schoolmaster Hanrahan the Red are admirable merely as stories, yet the ebb and flow of the great passions in the poor, irresponsible, conscienceless weakling is the true tale of the poet in every age and of every condition. His living is far from sublime, but his wildest, most wanton moods are subdued by the visitations of the great spirits, and he can move a ragged audience to deep sorrow by his mystical song to Ireland—

O tattered clouds of the world, call from the high Cairn of Maive,
And shake down thunder on the stones because the Red Winds rave!
Like tattered clouds of the world, passions call and our hearts beat:
But we have all bent low and low, and kissed the quiet feet
Of Kathleen the Daughter of Hoolihan.

There are a good many of these heroic, bardic tales about, and most of them symbolic. But Mr. Yeats's stand out by the clear outlines of their narrative form, by their absence of wordiness, and, most of all, by their recognition of the great facts of life.



ART AND THE DRAMA IN JAPAN.

A CHAT WITH MR. MORTIMER MENPES.

After the absence of nearly a year, principally spent in Kioto, Mr. Mortimer Menpes has just returned to town with quite a gallery of paintings and sketches illustrative of the life and scenery of Japan, which he proposes exhibiting at Dowdeswell's during this "merrie month of May." But, in repeating a "show" which on the last occasion proved most attractive to the fashionable world interested in art, Mr. Menpes will undoubtedly excite renewed interest in a country owning an art-history of almost immemorial extent, not alone by the freshness of his subjects, but by his novel treatment in technique.

I found Mr. Menpes, a few days ago (writes a *Sketch* representative), very busily engaged superintending the hanging of his works in the gallery, which last time was a symphony in old rose with a white flooring, but on this occasion is hung with the softest apricot, accentuated by black drugging.

"I am now showing much more important works, if I may venture to say so," remarked the well-known artist, "than I did before. My efforts have this time been directed, in my arrangements in line and colour, to compositions of more serious character than formerly, while I have adopted the use of a new method, which enables me to obtain absolutely novel results. One advantage I claim for it is that, when painting in water-colour, I can now get rid of the horrible grain of Whatman's paper and so obtain a sort of pastel-like quality. However, I will not ask you to criticise till you see the pictures when they are hung, and when you enter the gallery I hope you will realise that my aim has been to make the whole one complete picture, and a brilliant scheme of colour, in which the paintings themselves shall have the highest colour-value, and so it will be in truest character with the art feeling of the country I portray, which has the courage to handle vivid colour. You see this conspicuously on the stage."

"Yes, yes; go on, please, for you have touched on a subject in which I am deeply interested—namely, the application of art to dramatic matters. As regards Japan, what have you to say?"

"First and foremost, the dramatic author in Japan holds a different position to what he does here. He isn't only the arbiter in literary matters, but he handles the whole technique of the production as regards scenery, dresses, and general mounting. There, no actor or actress with a fad would get a hearing, nor would one think of questioning the author's arrangements. Besides, there they indulge in no ridiculous attempts at realism. They don't try to deceive you with make-believe moons and suns and waves, grabbing as we do here at Nature, and thinking we are producing art. If a man has to die on the stage, he breathes his last in a proper, orthodox sort of way, and then quietly gets up and walks off; or, supposing an actor comes on whose draperies require arranging, in that case some little black boys proceed to do so; but it is a point of honour with the audience not to see them, and, in fact, they are so used to this sort of thing that really I don't think they do see them. There, art is the suggestion of Nature in colour, tone, and appropriate pattern; while the limit of the picture is not confined to the space formed by the proscenium, but the decoration is carried from the stage into the theatre, the very actors often passing through the audience from their dressing-rooms. In Japan the people seem to live in a more regular atmosphere of art; they, therefore, have a keener appreciation of the beautiful, while their



A TYPICAL FACE.

Exhibited at the Dowdeswell Galleries.

comprehension of that very undefinable word, breadth, is so much more complete. How often do our efforts here end in mere emptiness of effect!"

"Now describe to me the salient points of difference in the general view of a playhouse, Mr. Menpes."

"Well, all the people in the pit and the gallery sit on the floor, and, as the plays last some time, and refreshments are consequently needed, everyone regales himself, some of the people, the poorer ones, bringing

in their little trays of comestibles, while the better-to-do purchase theirs at the counters in the theatre, and then they proceed to warm the contents on little charcoal stoves. Another difference is the use of a rotary stage, so that the next scene can be arranged while another is being presented to the audience."

"Now, socially, what position does the actor hold in Japan?"

"I'll tell you. By-the-bye, Sir Henry Irving put the same question to me. I'll take the case of their most eminent actor; that is, of Danjero, a thorough artist and a most capable draughtsman. He is universally admired and an immense favourite everywhere, but he holds a very small place in society, in spite of the English residents having done much to better the general position of the dramatic profession. In fact, the Japanese regard the actor as a somewhat effeminate person, a mere strutter on the stage, and persons of rank would never dream of entertaining an actor in any social way; even the middle-class would think twice before classing an actor among their friends. He would come more under the denomination of 'acquaintance.'"

"What sort of parts does Danjero play?"

"Every kind; and though he is sixty years of age, I have seen him play a young girl of eighteen so as to deceive the Japanese themselves. I remember on one occasion a whole row of nurses taking him for a woman for a long time, until he made some little slip of manner or deportment which revealed the deception. You may be surprised that he should be playing a female part, but in Japan the sexes are not mixed in the companies. At some theatres the company is entirely composed of men, and at another, and at generally an inferior class of house of entertainment, only women are engaged. As a matter of fact, I think I may say that there is not a thoroughly good actress in the whole of Japan. The plays themselves may generally be classed under the head of dramas and melodramas. I was surprised at the attention paid to rehearsing. All seemed to be pretty well letter-perfect. I am told Danjero is most particular on this head. No, he doesn't 'make-up' much."

"Do the Japanese affect a very elaborate drop-curtain?"

"Oh dear, no! It is a very simple affair. The material is mere cotton stuff, and the painting on it, perhaps of some chrysanthemums or some decorative scheme of colour, is always of bold design. But there is no attempt at realism. Then their lighting arrangements, either gas or candles, always give a diffused light, with no concentration on any particular actor."

"I suppose the dresses are generally very superb?"

"Oh, yes! most gorgeous, and in the classical plays are of the most elaborate character, the correctness in detail often being copied from old drawings and original paintings."

"Is there dancing and singing sometimes?"

"Certainly. The dancing becomes very attractive after a short residence in Japan, especially the classical dances, which consist of some exquisite poses; but don't ask me to praise the singing. If you had ever heard a 'Jap' sing you would never forget it, I am quite sure. No, the actors are very poorly paid, though Danjero and others of high position get quite respectable salaries."

"Now, what is your own opinion? Is there living art in Japan?"

"Decidedly. In spite of the influence of the West generally on Japanese life, I noticed no traces of Japanese art having become Westernised, nor did I observe a too general and slavish imitation of old patterns and designs. I came across many examples of real originality, proving to me most convincingly the existence of a true living art. The fact is, the mere traveller forms wrong conclusions from erroneous premises. The art of the country must not be judged from the rubbish exposed for sale to the tourist and specially manufactured for his delectation, such as the gold dragons on black grounds, the common bronzes overlaid with detail, and so on. When one has lived in the country for years, one gets the opportunity, in some of the out-of-the-way villages, and in some of the very best shops, of coming across the true art of the country in the exquisite carved woodwork, the cloisonné ware and the silk-embroidered crêpe stuffs, many of these last being quite poems in artistic colouring and conception of idea. The Japanese are not very keen to sell such things to Europeans, and generally many deceptions are practised on foreigners. Even collectors are often deceived. And this is not so surprising when you are told that a 'Jap' thinks nothing of destroying ninety-nine out of a hundred fictitiously stained examples of old stamps, so particular is the forger of such articles, so that there is not a postage-stamp in the world that these clever people have not imitated, and so accurately that it is only by analysing the adhesive gum that even a Government expert can expose the fraud. Well, since you must be off, I'll say 'good-bye,' and don't forget that we open on Saturday."



A POTTER'S ARTIST.

Exhibited at the Dowdeswell Galleries.

NEW LONDON IN "THE RAW."

In that part of suburban London which is served by the Great Eastern Railway—according to a statement recently made by the chairman of that company—6509 new houses were built during the year 1896. To get an estimate of the total annual growth of the Metropolis, one must multiply this number, I suppose, by ten at least, and then there remains to be taken into account a concurrent process almost as important as that of additional growth—the process of rejuvenescence; for, like a living organism, a "live" city is continually re-creating itself. To keep well within the mark, let us say that sixty thousand new structures are added to London every year, and one-sixth of that number rebuilt. These figures involve a consumption of raw material so large and constant that it seems worth while to attempt briefly to track it to its source.

London is, of course, in the main a city of bricks. In actual fact London has risen out of the London clay. In other words, considered as a structure or conglomeration of structures, the great city is largely the result of a transmutation of its fundamental clay into bricks, and of those bricks into buildings. An evolution from "the indefinite homogeneous into the definite heterogeneous" upon such a scale as this must appear beautiful, at least to the philosophic mind.

But this conception, it must be confessed, is less true of the newer than of the older parts of our great city, and of its growth at the present day it is hardly true at all. New London is not now rising from its own clay; it is being built very largely out of material brought from far beyond its own borders. To some extent, this has always been the case. Thanks to cheap water-carriage, bricks from the remoter parts of Kent and of Essex have for very many years been able to compete with the home-made article in the Metropolitan market, and, as the nearer clay-lands have become too valuable as building sites to be devoted at all largely to the production of building material, the tendency has been for increased supplies from the more distant sources to supersede local manufacture. In other words, the business of brick-making, like almost every other modern trade, has tended to become less retail and more wholesale, less local and more specialised to favourable sites. Moreover, thanks to the perfection of our modern railway system, the choice of such sites has ceased to be restricted, as it was formerly, to the banks of a river or a canal. Now the riverside clay deposits of Kent and Essex are not the most favourable for wholesale brick-making. The shallowness of the deposits necessitates a frequent moving of plant from one site to another, and the clay itself is not well adapted to moulding by machinery. Consequently, a deeper deposit, better adapted for machine-work, early became an object of search to those who foresaw the desirability of applying wholesale principles to the making of "new London in the raw." Such a deposit, with the indispensable appendage of good facilities for carriage, could be found no nearer than in the neighbourhood of Fletton, in North Huntingdonshire; but, though this village is over seventy miles from town, its drawback of distance from the market was soon proved to be more than made up for by the special suitability of its clay. The result has been the growth of Fletton from an agricultural hamlet possessing a few local brick-yards into the chief centre of the London brick trade, with a tiara of tall chimneys crowning the most extensive steam brick-making plant in the kingdom.

My journey from London to Fletton for the purpose of getting information for this article was by Great Northern express from King's Cross to Peterborough, and thence by "pick-up" goods train—in this I was specially favoured by the railway authorities—back over three miles of the same rails to the entrance of one of the Fletton sidings. Just as I was alighting from the "goods" brake-van, the Flying Scotsman thundered by. Having alighted, I was guided by one of the tall chimneys aforesaid to the offices of the largest brick company, and, my credentials proving satisfactory, I was soon inspecting "New London in the raw" in many stages of rawness. Upon the first stage of all, it is true, I could not set eyes. The initial process of the Fletton industry was performed some thousands of years ago by the agency of the sea, and my guide, the works manager, monarch though he was of all I surveyed, could not summon back that very industrious artificer to show exactly how it had laid the clay deposit. However, by producing from his office-drawer a portion of the backbone of a whale found in the clay, he did his best to spur my imagination. Then he led me to where, in very muddy reality, I had a portion of the deposit itself beneath my boots. Descending by a plank road into one of the "pits," I found myself looking up at a great bank of bluish earth, some thirty feet high, which was gradually disappearing before the spades and steel digging-bars of about a dozen navvies, or "clay-getters." From this bank of "notts," to give the bluish clay its technical name, a surface layer of about six feet of yellow clay had, I learnt, been first taken off. By the light of powerful Wells lamps (now being superseded by electricity) work in the pits is carried on by night as well as by day.

A light railway—not so light, however, but that its works include a small tunnel—brings the clay from the pit I visited to the factory attached to it. The attachment is a literal one, for the trucks are hauled by an endless chain worked by the factory engine. Entering, not by the door of the building, but, as it were, by an upper window, each truck unhooks itself automatically, to be immediately arrested, however, by the excusably dirty hand of an attendant boy, who guides it on to a turntable. In a moment he turns it sidelong and tilts it up, and its contents fall with a thud and spatter upon a wooden platform below. Thence some of the clay falls by its own weight, and the rest is shovelled by a man, into the revolving pan of a "crushing-mill," from the bottom of which it comes out in a powdery state, to be straightway caught up

again by an elevator, sometimes more poetically called a "Jacob's ladder." This consists of an endless band carrying a never-ceasing series of zinc scoops or cups, which convey the powdered clay to the top of the building again; but, as soon as they begin to descend, of course, they throw it out, and it falls, like a dirty snowstorm, upon a second wooden platform, on the same level as the one first mentioned. Thence, after such drying or intermixture with drier clay as it may seem to require, it is shovelled into the receiver of a "pressing-machine," to fall into a mould, to be then pushed up to meet the blow of a steam-hammer, and, finally, to be pushed forward—all automatically—into the hands of a boy in attendance upon the machine. Its shape is now that of the finished brick.

It is no more a brick yet, however, than pastry, as it first leaves a cook's hands, is a pie. Both have to be baked. I had next to follow behind a barrow-load of uncooked bricks to the kiln. Kilns are of various classes and shapes. The one to which I was led was a "Hoffmann," and consequently circular. We had to walk round it until we found an opening in its bricked-up wall. This revealed a chamber, triangular in shape, in which two men were busy stacking unbaked bricks in layers, being careful, however, to leave room between each for the air to circulate. The main principle of the Hoffmann kiln is that the fire therein is never allowed to go out. By a system of valves it is made to travel from chamber to chamber, and each chamberful of bricks is kept shut up until a complete tour of the whole circumference of the kiln has been made by the peripatetic furnace. This means that each batch passes through every gradation from coldness to intense heat back to coldness again. The bricks themselves feed the furnace to a large extent, losing about 40 per cent. of the weight while in the kiln; so, beyond the opening and shutting of the valves to keep it moving, the fire needs no attention except to be stimulated by an occasional shovelful of small coal. This is administered from the top of the kiln, where is purposely provided a stoppered opening to each chamber. Care, however, has to be exercised to prevent any one of the chambers from being exposed to the fiercest gradation of heat too long. A batch of bricks if over-baked becomes congealed, and then it cannot be got out of the kiln except by the aid of a sledge-hammer.

The kilns are built close to the railway siding, and the finished bricks are delivered straight from the bakery to the truck. Every night from the works I visited two full train-loads of them travel to London—to be distributed throughout the Metropolis next morning by pair-horse vans. The total output of these works, which are one of a colony at Fletton, is nearly a million bricks a-week; yet the demand cannot be met, and large new plant is being laid down.

C. H. G.

A LETTER—AND A POSTSCRIPT.

Suggested by the way in which "The Princess and the Butterfly" might have ended.

He wrote her—

Paris, April.

DEAR,—Can you forget the glistening sky
We watched that night together here,
When we were lovers, you and I?
That evening when I saw your face
Was just a year ago. To me
It seems an age since we did pace
The Gardens of the Tuileries.

The same old stars come out to-night,
The sky is just as blue, I know,
And in the fierce electric-light
I watch the 'buses come and go;
I hear the tinkling voitures race
Along the Rue de Rivoli.
But all is changed; alone I pace
The Gardens of the Tuileries.

We talked for hours, and all you said—
Ah, why should memory bring such pain?—
Is burned in letters glaring red
Upon my aching heart and brain.
Will Fate afford another chance
(Or comes it only once?) when we
Might re-enact that old romance
Beside the storied Tuileries?

Soon I must trundle back to Town,
To toss and fret and fume with rue;
In sunny skies, when fogs come down,
I'll keep on thinking still of you.
You gently ask me not to fret,
Because, in spite of all, I'm "free."
I'm shackled, for I can't forget
Those Gardens of the Tuileries.

*The woman read the burning note,
And, reading, heaved a heavy sigh,
Then steeled herself, and quickly wrote
The briefest comment in reply:*

Age cools the heart which Youth makes hot;
And though I hope you'll think of me,
You'd find that married life was *not*
The Gardens of the Tuileries.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"There ain't many chaps as row like me, Hemma, I can tell you!"



"Whereabouts are the butterfly-hives?"

"Never heard of 'em."

"But where do you get your butter from?"



"What do they mean by posthumous, Pat?"

"What a bloke does arter 'e's dead, er 'corse, stoopid!"

THE DUMPIES

FRANK VER-DECK,
DISCOVERER OF THE
HISTORIAN.

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For it is written that whatsoever abideth with the Dumpies shall become of a presence squat and manner unwieldy, even as they. THE KAYAN.

Partnership in misfortune and punishment had made the Rabbit and Sir 'Possum close friends. They had been in so much trouble together that the tie between them had become one of mutual adversity rather than admiration. The affair of Wide-out and the Wheel had restored them to the good graces of the Dumpies, and they were determined to do nothing to forfeit the high favour which they now enjoyed.

They often walked in the woods together during the warm spring days, but, remembering the hornets' nest, they could not be induced to undertake any experiments in the way of bringing strange discoveries into camp.

One afternoon, not far from the gates of Dumpy Land, they came upon what appeared to be a large oval-shaped stone covered with beautiful markings almost like hieroglyphics of the Dumpy language. It was a tempting object, but very suspicious, besides being much too

large for them to handle alone. True, the grinning Rabbit offered to tie it to Sir 'Possum's tail; but this suggestion the latter treated with silent contempt. After some discussion the Rabbit started for Dumpy Land post-haste, leaving the slower-footed 'Possum to guard the new-found treasure. The tale continues as follows—

Sir 'Possum sat beside the prize,
Intently watching it,
Till suddenly, with starting eyes,
He saw it move a bit;
And when he saw it slowly rise
He had a fainting fit.

But as he dropped upon the ground
The thing grew still, and then
Sir 'Possum rose and looked around
Until it moved again;
Then fell once more in faint profound,
And lay for seconds ten.

'Twas thus they played at hide-and-seek
A quiet little game;
Sir 'Possum was afraid to speak,
The stranger seemed the same,
When flocking to behold the freak
The eager Dumpies came.

The curiosity they found,
And, but a step away,
All prone and silent on the ground
The fainting 'Possum lay.
The puzzled Rabbit gazed around
And knew not what to say.

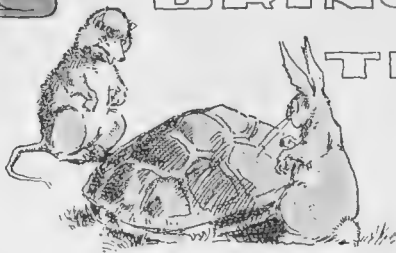
"I'm sure there's something
wrong," he said;
Then, as he racked his wits,
The thing popped out an ugly head
That scared him into fits;
And as the Dumpies fell and fled,
It shouted, "Now, we're quits!"

But the Dumpies had no intention of quitting and giving up the matter so easily, and when the big Land Turtle, or Terrapin, for such it was, saw them halt and come flocking back, it drew hastily

into its shell, closing the door of its house with a snap and catching in it a tiny bit of the fainting 'Possum's tail, which at that moment happened to be in easy reach. This brought him out of his trance with a shriek and a bound that ended his captivity, and caused the Rabbit so much amusement that his own fright was forgotten. The story ends in rhyme—

A net of rope they deftly threw
About the stranger's den;
They little knew what he could do
Until they started then.
He simply walked the other way
With Dumpies, net, and all,
Till, stringing out behind him, lay
His captors great and small.

BRINGING IN OF THE TERRAPIN



Then Wiseacre unto his side
The Rabbit called in fear,
"Haste thou to Dumpy Land," he
cried,

"And send my Griffin here!

For he is wise, and strong, withal,
And waits my bidding there."
The Griffin at the Rabbit's call
Came flying through the air,

And just above the Turtle stopped,
And, with a simple knock,
He deftly seized his shell, and flopped
The monster on his back.
And there he lay in helpless grief,
And kicked and sprawled about,
And begged the Griffin for relief—
The Dumpies gave a shout,

"Agree to go to Dumpydome
With us," they cried, "and then
We'll have our faithful Griffin come
And flop you back again."



"I will, I will!" the Turtle said;
"To all will I agree;
This weird and winged quadruped
He got the best of me."

Thus came the Terrapin to dwell with the Dumpies. You will see by his picture how tall and ungainly he was at that period, and you will remember how squat of presence he has since become. Being in



great fear of the Griffin, who could turn him on his back and thus render him helpless, he soon grew very submissive and docile. The Rabbit and Sir 'Possum cultivated his acquaintance, and the three became boon companions as time passed.

CONGRESSMAN BAILEY, OF TEXAS.

There is now raging in the United States a cyclonic agitation over the action of Congressman Bailey, of Texas, who declined to dine with President McKinley at the White House on the ground that he had never worn a dress-coat and never intended to wear one. The state of excitement is very much greater than that which the country experienced two or three years ago, when Jerry Simpson, a Congressman from the Populistic State of Kansas, got up on the floor of the House of Representatives and made the announcement that he never wore socks! So little did Kansas like the idea of a sockless statesman that Jerry was defeated when next he ran for Congress. During the interval of quiet he then had, he reconsidered his position, with the result that now he has been returned to Congress clad in silken hose!

But Mr. Bailey does not expect to be defeated on account of his refusal to wear a "spike-tail" or "claw-hammer" coat. No, indeed! He has a mind to be the next President of the United States, and many there be who have the same thing in mind for him. Mr. Bailey is a member of the Ways and Means Committee—the Committee that had in charge the Dingley Tariff Bill, and when the Tariff Bill passed the House, President-McKinley, believing in tariffs, as is well known, invited the members of the Committee to take dinner with him at the White House, in order that he might show his appreciation of the work they had done. Now, an invitation from the President of the United States is very much like a command from the Queen; it is understood that only a very serious reason should prevent anyone from accepting. On the morning of the day that the dinner was to be given, Congressman Bailey called at the White House and asked to see the President.

"Mr. President," he said, when he was ushered into the President's office, "I have come to present in person my regrets that I cannot attend your dinner, for the reason that I have never worn a 'claw-hammer' coat, and I never will wear one."

The President first looked amazed, then amused; but he was very polite and gracious.

"Mr. Bailey," he said, "never mind that. Come just as you are, in the clothes you have on."

"No," said Mr. Bailey; "I went to a party once without a 'claw-hammer,' and people looked at me askance, as though I had no business there, and I don't propose to put myself in that position again."

Then Mr. Bailey bade the President "Good-morning" and went back to the Capitol, where he told a reporter what he had done, and fifteen minutes later nearly a hundred newspaper correspondents were climbing over each other to get to the Texas Congressman. To them he solemnly expounded his convictions on the evils of the dress-suit, and while he was talking several artists stood around and sketched him, and before the close of that day everybody was talking about Mr. Bailey, of Texas.

As I said before, Mr. Bailey has it in his mind to be the next President—at any rate, he stands a very good chance of being the next nominee of the Democratic Party. He is only thirty-two years old, and is now the Leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives. The position he occupies corresponds to that of the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and he is the youngest man who ever led a party in Congress. He was elected to the House at the same time that Bryan made his appearance, and there was always a rivalry between the two as to who should be the "boy orator" of Congress. Just before his election, in 1890, he promised his Texas constituents that, come what might, if he went to Washington, he would never wear a dress-suit. He had, he said, lived in three or four University towns and gone in the "upper circles" of society without being a "dude," and he "reckoned" he could hold his own against "dudishness" when he got to Congress. Bets were taken out as to whether or not Mr. Bailey would keep his promise, and his constituents are immensely pleased to find that those who put up their money on his adhesion to "principle" have not lost.

What makes Mr. Bailey's position in regard to the dress-suit so very peculiar is that the clothes he habitually wears have very much the appearance of a dress-suit when viewed at a distance. He is always garbed in broadcloth, the vest is cut almost as low as for evening-clothes, a long-skirted frock-coat, always unbuttoned, a pleated shirt-bosom adorned with two diamond studs, and a white lawn necktie. On the floor of the House he has a solemn, clerical look, combined with a bland, childlike expression that is intensified when he sits at his desk with his hands folded together. When he talks he always has one hand in the bosom of his waistcoat. He speaks very slowly, solemnly, and effectively, though without the fiery eloquence of Bryan of the "silver tongue." When he goes on the street these spring days, he adds to his apparel a large Texas "sombbrero," which, together with his whole style of dress, is admirably depicted in the clever cartoon recently published in the *Washington Post*, where Bailey, who was the Democratic nominee for the Speakership of the present Congress, is represented as, leading the very much battered and shattered Democratic mule. The face, too, with long black hair hanging about the ears, is a "speaking likeness" of the ambitious young statesman.

The clothes worn by Mr. Bailey are an exact reproduction of those worn a half-century ago by President Andrew Jackson—who is Bailey's political model—with the difference that Jackson wore brass buttons on his coat; and Mr. Bailey contends that this is the only proper garb for a Southern statesman.

In the midst of the excitement he has created, the "Texas steer" goes calmly to bed at night and hopefully dreams of the Democratic Convention to be held in the year 1900. Did not the Convention of last

summer nominate a "boy orator" of Nebraska, and may not the 1900 Convention choose another "boy orator" who has made himself "solid" with the "toiling masses" by his opposition to the "spike-tail" coat?

In his dreams, Mr. Bailey of Texas "reckons" it will be so, and a large number of persons, even in their waking moments, "reckon" that way too!

ELIZABETH L. FANKS.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

In the evil days of the Great Napoleon victory followed the Emperor and his Old Guard; elsewhere, the conscripts collapsed from sheer inexperience and exhaustion—not from lack of courage. Men who know what to do in a fight, who know and trust their leaders, will never be beaten except at a heavy cost. But even veterans, if strange to their leaders and distrustful, will dissolve in defeat, as did the French at Waterloo. Kinglake says that the warlike method of Napoleon III. was to keep his soldiers of the line in great masses, and use them for momentum and show chiefly; while, for the real business of the battle, he trusted to his Zouaves and picked corps, and to the artillery. Here, as elsewhere, Kinglake was unfair to his special enemy. The line regiments fought well enough in the Crimea and in Italy; still, they had not the dash and resource of the Zouaves.

The masses of the Greek Army are, without question, patriotic, and many of the men may be privately brave—corporate courage is largely a creature of habit. But they have no love of fighting for its own sake, such as a real army must acquire. Now, the Turk, though liable enough to panic when ill-led, is a person who, when he feels that his officers know their business, will settle down to incessant fighting with a quiet enjoyment that is apparently intensified by trifles such as lack of pay and short rations. He is a barbarian, and has few joys, but fighting is one of them. He is not a political animal, and neither writes nor reads newspapers; he may be a dull dog and an infidel dog, but he is a dogged dog, and it is "dogged as does it."

And yet the Turk must go, in spite of—or rather, because of—his obsolete virtues—and vices. The chattering crowd of Athens, each man a finished politician, has survived the Macedonian and the Roman and the indescribable mixture of the Middle Ages, and it will outlast the Turk, simply because it is civilisation—of a sort. The bankrupt bureaucracy topped with a gilt weathercock, that is called a Constitutional Kingdom, will survive the Sultanate yet. But probably the Powers will not be able to give Crete to Greece nearly so soon as they would otherwise have done; Macedonia will remain no man's heritage for a few years yet, and the Prophet Baxter will have to postpone the Ten-Horned Beast and the end of the world, and stretch the Book of Daniel another year or so—not for the first time. One wonders, seeing the elasticity of prophecy, that it has not been suggested as a substitute for rubber.

Here in England we are concerned with a peaceful invasion—the gentle raid of the Girton girl and the "Newnhamitish woman" on the B.A. degree. These harmless Uitlanders have been admitted to pay fees and undergo examination—not for concealed weapons. But whereas in the Burlington Free State of London University they are allowed to attain citizenship (though not voting power), the *Völkraad*—we beg pardon, the Senate—has reserved Cambridge degrees, or their titles, for the mere man. Now, the grievance is not perhaps acute; there is no dynamite monopoly to vex the souls of our "sweet girl non-graduates"; nor do we anticipate that the Channel Fleet will be despatched to demonstrate at Hunstanton or Cromer in order to overawe the Cambridge Boers. In fact, a mere man who calls himself B.A. Cantab is either a fool or an under-master in straitened circumstances, inasmuch as the poll-man is B.A. and (if he finds the fees) M.A. equally with the Senior Wrangler—and a Senior Wranglership even, like the complexion of the young man who came from Flanders, "is not what it were."

But, such as the title is, why deny it? Because women will inevitably vote, and govern, and pull down, and destroy our ancient Universities—shrieks no less a person than Mr. Charles Whibley in the *Nineteenth Century*. Do they vote now in the many Universities, British and Foreign, that grant them degrees? Is Sir John Lubbock returned by female votes? The B.A. degree now is merely a label, certifying that a person has done certain—not very hard—things. Women are allowed to do these things, only they generally take more trouble over them than men—why not give them the label?

And even the prospect of femininity usurping further rights fails to terrify one greatly, when one knows one's Cambridge. Masculine exclusiveness has not prevented some dons from being nice old ladies, and some undergraduates and graduates too from developing pretty affectations—and some not pretty. On the whole, the *ewig Weibliche* is about as creditable a product of the University as the *ewig Whibleyche*.

MARMITON.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventeen (from January 27 to April 21, 1897) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

POLO IN NEW ZEALAND.

There is no country in the world where polo has taken such a deep root and developed so rapidly as in New Zealand. Fifteen years ago the game was hardly known in this colony, whereas at the present time there are some twenty-two properly organised clubs in existence. Unlike many countries, where polo is practically kept up by the officers of the British Army, the players in New Zealand are almost entirely composed of men of the country. The greatest impetus, however, given to the game was the presentation of a challenge cup in 1889 by Captain Savile, and this cup is now looked upon as the "Blue Riband" of polo in New Zealand, much in the same manner as the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham is looked on in England.

In 1891 the New Zealand Polo Association was formed, composed of delegates from each of the existing clubs, and the management of the Savile Cup Competition was vested in it. In 1895 and 1896 the Manawatu Club secured this coveted trophy, and well they deserved it, as they worked hard to win, and their enthusiastic secretary, Mr. Sewell, also deserves a word of praise for his share of the work.

The picture given of the Christchurch first team and the Wellington team is from a photograph taken after the match between these clubs at Hagley Park, Christchurch, on Jan. 23 last. There was a large company present to witness the match, the notabilities being his Excellency the Governor, Lady Glasgow and Ladies Boyle, Lord Brassey,

have been successful, and that, too, despite the fact that the sporting ratiocinators were two or three times wide of the winners. It is somewhat remarkable that all the big handicaps, with the exception of the City and Suburban and the Nottingham Spring Handicap, have been won by horses trained away from Newmarket, and the unkindest cut of all came when Northern Farmer was sent to Hunt Quarters and galloped away with the Crawford Plate.

Mr. Calvert has very kindly told the public that he has backed both Clwyd and Bridegroom for the Jubilee Stakes, and that both horses will run on their merits. In that case, it would, in my opinion, be a real good thing for Bridegroom, who has only Kilcock to fear. The book does not say that Clwyd has any chance with Bridegroom at the respective weights, and my advice to Mr. Calvert and Mr. R. Peck is to put a bit extra on the winner of the Queen's Prize.

An idea prevails that Mr. C. Perkins possesses the best two-year-old that has yet run this year in the colt by Bend Or out of Jenny Howlett. If private gallops go for anything, this colt is far and away in front of anything else that has been seen in public, and he won his race at Newcastle with very great ease. But, then, home trials are deceptive, and there was not much to beat at Gosforth. For all that, however, it would be gratifying to see a good horse come from the North again to take part in the classic races. Mr. Perkins's colt is engaged in the New Stakes at Ascot, and can there meet the best of the Prince of Wales's trio, Mousne,



Mr. Gould. Mr. Skerrett. Mr. Tripp. Hon. E. W. Parker. Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Lane. Mr. Cooper. Mr. Rhodes.

NEW ZEALAND POLO-PLAYERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDISH AND PREECE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

the Governor of Victoria, and Lady Brassey. Captain Preston, Captain Fielden, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Barrett were also among the distinguished guests. The hospitalities were in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Rhodes. The players representing Christchurch and Wellington were—

- CHRISTCHURCH.
1. Mr. G. Gould.
 2. Mr. R. Heaton Rhodes.
 3. Mr. B. Lane.
 4. Hon. E. W. Parker.

11 goals.

- WELLINGTON.
1. Mr. P. Baldwin.
 2. Mr. A. J. Cooper.
 3. Mr. C. P. Skerrett.
 4. Mr. L. Tripp.

2 goals.

The Christchurch men were too strong for the visitors, who, however, played a plucky game, although overmatched. The home team showed better combination, and their hitting was more accurate. The Wellington club, however, had their revenge two days afterwards, when they defeated the Christchurch second team by 11 goals to love.

It is to be hoped that ere long New Zealand may be induced to send a team over to the Mother Country, when they will, no doubt, render a good account of themselves.

F. H.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Galtee More has, it is said, been well tried with Kilcock, one of the best handicap horses in training. All the same, I shall predict the victory of Velasquez in the Two Thousand Guineas. The race of the week will be that for the One Thousand Guineas. The result, I take it, rests between Chelandry and Goletta, and I think the latter, who ran well at the Craven Meeting, will win, although the book favours Lord Rosebery's filly. Goletta is just the sort of filly to capture the Oaks.

The sporting public have, up to now, done remarkably well over the big handicaps this season, as, with one or two exceptions, the favourites

Little Dorrit, and Areeza. The Khedive is also engaged, and Mr. Rucker's five-thousand-guinea horse Dunlop. However, if The Khedive is worth the three thousand sovs. which Sherwood is said to have refused, and Marsh, as reported, has anything better than the Summer Belle filly, which beat Mousne, then the royal trainer may hold the key to the Ascot two-year-old situation.

One of the best sportsmen in the land entered his fifty-first year last week in Sir Claude de Crespigny. Despite his years, he occasionally figures in the saddle at cross-country meetings, but latterly his appearances have been almost confined to military meetings. Like many other good horsemen, Sir Claude was originally in the Royal Navy. He was also in the 60th Rifles. Probably there is no other such all-round athlete in England, few if any sports coming amiss to him. A couple of years ago he was ready to take up John Burns's challenge to run, box, and jump any member of the Sporting League, had that political notable been earnest in the matter. This challenge aroused a good deal of interest at the time, and keen disappointment was felt by all sportsmen that the affair was not brought off. It would have been a unique event to hand down to posterity. Sir Claude rode his first winner thirty years ago. He is not a rich man, despite the fact that on his Peckham estate are nearly two thousand houses. He has a large family, and the boys take after him in their sporting likes and dislikes.

It is a splendid testimony to the utter foolishness of many followers of racing that they hanker after, and are ready to follow at any cost, certain horses in what are known as "sharp" stables. I have watched this characteristic with amusement for some years, and, with the growth and expansion of touting and other information, I notice there is still that desire to nibble at this class of horse whenever it appears in races on which there is ante-post betting. The many bites these people get seem but to hold them the nearer the mouth of the biter; and there they stay until the object of their admiration and repeated vexations is sent to the stud or dies.

THE FRANCO-SCOTTISH RUGBY MATCH.

"Nos chers voisins" continue to make great progress in the scientific intricacies of modern football, and now Marseilles, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Lyons, Havre, and other large towns have fallen victims to Rugbymania. Last year one of the features of the Paschal festivities in Paris was a match between teams representing the capitals of France and of Scotland. This year the French put into the field a fifteen chosen from the full playing strength of the nation to oppose a fairly representative Scots one, got together by Mr. J. B. Hatt. The Stade Français, acting for the Union des Sports Athlétiques, a body which has a membership of twenty-five thousand, had the immediate control of affairs, and, thanks to its vigorous action, a record attendance of over five thousand accepted invitations and favoured the international encounter at Courbevoie.

The holiday crowd marvelled much as the Scotsmen, attired in "footer" costume, and with their piper piping merrily on the box-seat, drove out from the Hotel St. James et d'Albany, the former residence of the unlucky James II., along the Champs Elysées to the Boulevard Bineau. On the ground itself the scene was of the liveliest, for trains, trams, and motor-cars had been busy ever since midday pouring out their complements of eager sightseers. All sporting Paris seemed to be there. The flags of Scotland and of France, of Paris and of Edinburgh, the pennants of the Stade Français and of the Olympique, the gaily appointed pavilion, with its mass of flowers, and, above all, the parti-coloured costumes of the ladies, added greatly to the general picturesqueness. The blaze of colour, indeed, reminded one of the bull-ring at Madrid. Nor did the resemblance stop here, for, as at the *courses des taureaux*, a president had been appointed, and, besides surveying the match from a special tribune, it fell to his lot, when the game was over, to deliver an eloquent harangue to the crowd and combatants on the value of athletic sports in building up the physique of a nation.

What happened after the hydra-headed photographer had drunk his fill runs thus in a French description of the event: "A trois heures vingt minutes, au milieu d'un religieux silence, l'équipe Ecossaise fait son entrée sur le *ground*. En file indienne, d'un pas libre et alerte, dépourvu de toute raideur militaire les quinze s'avancent, précédés d'un de leurs compatriotes qui porte avec un calme olympien le court jupon national et tire d'une cornemuse, dont il joue tout en marchant, des sons délicieusement exotiques. Les Français suivent. Cette mise en scène imprévue, d'une couleur forte et originale, enchante les spectateurs. La foule éclate en applaudissements et cette ovation paraît émuvoir fort les joueurs." The Scots wore white jerseys, with a diagonal stripe of Royal Stuart tartan; the French, blue ones; with the arms of Paris embroidered on a red shield.

The details of the game need not be repeated here. A hard-fought

battle ended in favour of Scotland by eleven points (a goal and two tries) to three. Prominent among the French players was a son of "Gyp," the famous authoress. The excitement all through was intense. It reached its culminating point when, shortly before the finish, the Frenchmen scored a try. The southern barricade then fell before the surging mass of enthusiasts, and, in the fierce downrush, the piper was submerged. He appeared later, apparently none the worse, to play his victorious countrymen off the field, and he was very much in evidence at the great banquet given to the Scots by the French Union.



WAITING FOR THE BALL.

Under the guidance of the Franco-Scottish Society, special facilities were afforded the Scots team of seeing the Sorbonne and the old Scots' College in the Rue du Cardinal-Lemoine.

"RAIN GAMBLING."

Mr. John Hawke and the anti-gamblers have missed "an opportunity which may not occur again" in Calcutta. For many years past "rain gambling," always popular, has been steadily increasing in the City of Palaces, until it has attained the dignity of a public nuisance, and the Bengal Legislative Council feels obliged to deal with it. A friend who has spent more time in Calcutta than he cares to think of, speaks in terms of unqualified approbation of the intention of the Bengal Government to make this form of wagering illegal. He tells me that at some seasons of the year, when rain is expected or most needed, or when the arrival of the south-west monsoon which brings rain to the parched plains is announced by telegraph from Colombo or Cannanore, the streets, in the Marwari quarter particularly, are blocked by excited bettors. The Marwaris are a trading class who introduced the rain-gambling system; the bookmakers have their flat house-tops furnished with shallow tanks to catch the rain-water; and the bettors lay odds, ranging from 2 to 1 up to 50 to 1, as meteorological conditions may indicate, against there being a drip from the overflow-pipe at a stated moment. The street-obstruction and noise are quite enough to justify repressive measures, and, moreover, I am told that the artless Marwari "bookie" has been known to adopt surreptitious measures which may regulate the filling of his tank to suit the state of his book on occasion.

THE SCOTTISH AND FRENCH TEAMS.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DELTON, PARIS.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

John William Jones, better known as "Scorcher Jones," is apparently a wheelman of no fixed abode. Twenty-one years ago he shuffled into this world at Shrewsbury. Eleven years later he set sail for New Zealand, where he has now just established several new records. The machine



"SCORCHER JONES."

Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

which he usually bestrides is a "Zealandia," and upon it he has scorched over almost every rideable road in "the land of lovely girls," as poor Lindsay Gordon called New Zealand. Jones the Scorcher now holds the following amateur records of New Zealand, namely, the half-mile, 1 min. 6½ sec.; the one-mile, 2 min. 16½ sec.; the two-mile, 4 min. 46½ sec.; three-mile, 7 min. 9½ sec.; and five-mile, 12 min. 5½ sec. Long may his success continue.

Devonshire is not by any means a county unsuitable for cycling purposes, provided the rider be young and strong, and not afraid of facing a few steep hills. Indeed, Devon-

shire is an excellent county for the novice to practise in, for, when he afterwards comes to ride in a level county, he will find the work absurdly easy, as, in like manner, men accustomed to hunt in a stiff and hilly country find that hunting in the Midlands is mere child's play.

In various primitive parts of England—in parts of South Devon itself, for instance—the bicycle is still stared at, and a cyclist has no more chance of coasting through a village without being hooted than a dog has of scampering down a racecourse without being howled at. Last week I happened to pass through such a village. It lies in a hollow near Totnes, and as I approached a prehistoric toll-gate at the foot of the main street of the townlet, the ancient yet none the less shrewd toll-keeper shambled hastily forward and rudely closed the gate in my face with a crash. Naturally my choler was aroused by his act of gratuitous insolence, and, gracefully alighting from my tyred steed, in true "Ouidaesque" style, I addressed the fellow somewhat brusquely.

"Doan't yew see them ther' regewlations?" he drawled, his vulgar enunciation contrasting strangely with my distinct and aristocratic articulation.

I carefully scanned the list of ridiculous bye-laws painted in large letters on the notice-board. "Well," I said, "in what way do those regulations affect me? I am not 'an unseemly vehicle or animal weighing a hundred ton or over.' It is hardly likely that I have 'a progress liable to crush, injure, soften, loosen, or otherwise impair the metalling of the roadway,' and I flatter myself that my appearance is not indecent. As for bicycles, they are not even referred to; therefore I have no toll to pay. Moreover," I added, "you are a very rude person. Unhand me, fellow, and let pass! or, 'sdeath, I'll—"

"You read them again," he once more exclaimed, this time in a higher key, without removing his fists from his trouser-pockets or his pipe from his mouth, but indicating with his head the board, and then staring stolidly at me in a way that vividly reminded me of a Singapore bull-frog. By this time a small crowd of ribald youth had assembled round us, and were gazing at me in round-eyed admiration, or wonderment—I cannot say which. Hastily I once more glanced down the list of laws.

"Oh, go to heaven!" I burst out angrily. "What do you want, you dear man; there's not a word there about cycles of any sort, therefore there's no toll to pay for this bicycle, so just open that gate and be blessed to you!"

A nine-inch grin gradually spread athwart the old man's face, a grin that must assuredly have hurt him. He slowly stepped forward to the board.

"Read that, yew great fule," he said, drawing his grimy finger along one of the printed lines.

I read aloud, "One ass or mule and two wheels, two pence."

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" the old man roared, until the tears ran down his cheeks and his miserable sides shook and shook again. And then the aggressive village urchins, taking their cue from the toll-keeper, shrieked wildly with glee tempered with scorn, and all the inhabitants hurried out of doors in order to discover the cause of the commotion. And I? Well, I inwardly bestowed my blessing upon the aged humorist, and, having gathered up the fragments of my shattered dignity, I pedalled gloomily away amid the jeers of a mocking and hilarious multitude.

That incident upset only my self-respect and my equanimity; what followed upset me very much more and in a very different way. For my erstwhile ruffled feathers had barely resumed their normal sleekness, and I had only just passed the picturesque ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle, when I beheld, a short way ahead, a small knot of yokels and gaping rustics, above whose heads towered the helmet of the local constable, assembled beside a stone wall at the foot of the hill, and almost tumbling over one another in their efforts to catch a glimpse of something. The something proved to be what a provincial newspaper reporter once described as "a wounded cyclist." Upon this occasion, however, the cyclist was not merely wounded, but insensible as well. I discovered that he was a Mr. Redbourne of London, a member of the Islington Buffalo Lodge, who had been touring through Cornwall and Devon upon a *brakeless machine*. The words are purposely italicised. It seems that his bicycle ran away with him down the steep incline, and finally drove him with terrific violence against the wall at the foot of it. The unfortunate rider sustained a broken jaw, a dislocated collar-bone, and was otherwise terribly injured. When in the world will people abandon the ridiculous custom of road-riding without a brake? In the West of England especially the brake is absolutely a *sine quâ non*.

The authorities of Wrexham have a holy horror of scorching, and have resolved to bring down the heavy arm of the law upon those guilty of this enormity. To this end the Chief Constable has been empowered to provide himself with a bicycle to enable him to run down anyone whom he considers to be riding at too furious a pace. But Wrexham's minion is not to be allowed *carte blanche* in his selection of a machine. It is to be "cushion-tyred and to be purchased at a price not exceeding twelve pounds." What a future Wrexham has before it! Tourists will throng its streets and crowd its hotels, attracted by the novel sport. Race-meetings will be deserted, regattas neglected, in order that the exciting contest, "Scorcher v. Minion, pneumatic intervening," may be witnessed by the inhabitants. Were it not for the all-seeing eye of the Anti-Gambling League, I should be tempted to take 10 to 1 about the scorcher.

Tynemouth is taking the lead among Northern watering-places in providing facilities for cyclists. The Corporation of this famous Northumbrian resort have commenced laying the whole of the Grand Promenade, which extends for more than a mile along the top of the cliffs, with a special kind of asphalt, and, when completed, this will be an ideal road for cyclists, and no doubt prove a great attraction during the summer months and draw an increased number of the patrons and patronesses of the wheel to Tynemouth. I hear that a novelty in cycle-attachments for ladies appeared in Paris recently. It was a dress-guard in the form of an eagle bending over the rear wheel, its outstretched wings serving as the guard. It must have been considerably heavier than the ordinary attachment, and I confess to having a preference for the neat and simple guards in common use.

At the Catterick Bridge Races, a short time ago, I expected to see many cyclists wending their way to the course along the beautifully clean roads. What was my surprise to see only about a dozen machines at the most! In vain did I look for a member of the fair sex in gala-costume: not one seemed to be present.

It is said that Mr. Simpson, of lever-chain fame, has a new and wondrous invention that will soon be placed on the market and will make a great hit in the cycling world.

I have just heard of a sensible suggestion made with regard to the storage of machines at hotels. According to the common custom of housing many bicycles together, there is no possible check upon the bicycle-thief, who may enter and claim any machine as his own, and ride off with it unquestioned. It would be very simple for the manager to provide a small quantity of numbered discs, which could be attached to the cycle, a ticket bearing the corresponding number to be given to the owner, after the manner of a cloak-room at a theatre.



SHORLAND, THE NEW ZEALAND RECORD-MAKER, PACED AT LANCASTER PARK.

Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

People who disclaim the belief that this Season will be a phenomenal one from the social point of view can scarcely be said to have the ear or the *entrée* of hostesses or houses worth visiting. Every night in May is sacred to one or more Terpsichorean revel, while in the week preceding Commemoration Day over a dozen differently notable balls are already fixtures. The difficulty of the prospectively hospitable is, in fact, to find a free night within the narrow limits of these twelve giddily gay weeks, an available evening when something else better worth going to will not clash with their own particular gathering. For people have an awkward way of shunting one engagement for another more attractive, and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns may miss fire and waste her supper because Lady Dunfunkus MacGregor has alighted on the same date, notwithstanding the energy of that section who like to show up at every function, just for the sake of being seen there.

In the matter of fashions, it is the young married woman who will score this season, so unusually handsome and ornate are the many different manners of the mode, in contradistinction to the sweet

wonderful things that have come to pass in Bucharest, which they lately visited since cycling was introduced there. Formerly the roads in and about this curious town were a hopeless jumble of mud and stones; but since the native mind has been educated up to the delights of wheeling, the roads have been made not only passable, but pleasant, and planted, moreover, in boulevard fashion, which improvements are greatly due to the fact that the Crown Princess Ferdinand, once Princess Marie of Edinburgh, has led the fashion in cycling, and so to changes in this once neglected town, which was formerly so dirty and uncared for that a witty French diplomat called it "Boue qui Reste"—a pun happily no longer descriptive, however.

With warm weather in pleasant prospective come the accompanying and very welcome facts of shirts and blouses also, than which no form of garment has ever been found so convenient, comfortable, becoming, and altogether desirable. What one did in summers when blouses were not, it is now, indeed, difficult to imagine. Custom can never stale this pretty fashion, and the infinite variety of the blouse but increases with every Season. At the moment there is no more successful exponent of the cult than Mr. Charles Lee, whose little shop in Wigmore Street is known at every Court in Europe for its dainty and exquisite productions.



SOME DAINTY BLOUSES.

[Copyright.]

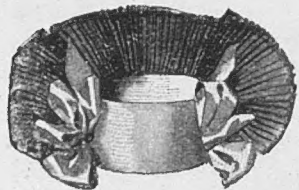
simplicity of muslin and lace in which the *jeune fille* has looked so engaging these two Seasons past. Now everything is decorated to distraction, and the ball- or dinner-dress of '97 elaborates out of all countenance the unobtrusive styles of those unadorned skirts in which we figured forth during past seasons. One particularly lovely evening-gown, seen this week on its arrival from Paris, was made of rose-pink poult-de-soie in that bright, full shade which is now at the very apex of the mode. The skirt, tight over the hips and very full round hem, is exquisitely adorned with embroideries done in silver sequins and tiny pale-green ribbons, which are sewn on in the form of garlands that encircle the skirt and are repeated over the hips and in a smaller way on bodice. This latter, cut square and enclosing the shoulders, opens over a vest of pink mousseline-de-soie, on which the little green ribbons are delicately embroidered in a Louis Quinze design of foliage and knots, garlanded. Three little flounces of the pink mousseline are set over small bouillonées of pink silk at the shoulders. Pink coral and pearls are the jewels to be worn with this lovely gown. Woollen gauze over silk is another forthcoming specialty of the fashion-mongers; either plain over light-coloured contrasting silks, or printed with flowers and made up over linings to match, most excellent results are obtainable from these pretty materials. I admired one in the new periwinkle colour, which is a shade between blue and lilac, the silk lining to match; insertions of écreu guipure trimmed the skirt and bodice, while a dainty bolero of silver embroidery over white satin made a very smart addition to this dainty frock, which was being sent over to a German Grand Duchess, by the way.

Talking of powers and principalities reminds me that some bicycling friends, with a fondness for exploring out-of-the-way places, report

Two sketches are shown of favourite styles out of a dozen others at Mr. Lee's. One is a simple silk shirt for morning wear, made in the finest Pongee, with cross-barred tucks, Valenciennes ruffles, and a mass of delicate stitchery, which is, in fact, a distinguishing mark of all the work done at this establishment. In pink, mauve, cream, pistachio-green, or other shades variously, this pretty little shirt can be made to measure for 27s. 9d., and when it is considered that only hand-work is used in these daintily made garments, which fit to perfection, unlike the ordinary "ready-made" disappointments, which bought anywhere fit nowhere, it will be realised that moderation in price, joined to work of exquisite neatness and finish, is always to be found at 100, Wigmore Street, where each order, from the embroidery of a handkerchief to the making of an entire trousseau, receives special and skilled supervision. Endless variations of the shirt genus in silk of many washable sorts, linen, batiste, cotton, and what not, are to be seen at Lee's. I was extremely fetched with one in white silk, the front sewn in tiny tucks imitating the old dicky. Others of striped soie de Chine, with fine cambric Abbé collar and stock made of the silk, were extremely neat and smart—the ideal cycling-shirt, in fact, so thoroughly workmanlike and dainty. English batiste, which is of stouter stuff than its French prototype, is employed in a dozen charming tints for shirts, which are made to measure at the modest price of 9s. 11d. each. Of the more elaborate blouse, which is rendered in all possible complications and fascinations of silk, lace, and ribbon, there is quite a picture-gallery at Mr. Lee's. One of the simpler forms is reproduced; this was shown me in pistachio-green poult-de-soie, the front a succession of tucks, with cravat, and cascades of ivory lace at each side of the neck, and, smartly trimmed with lace, completed a

very engaging effect. Another blouse-bodice for theatre or smart afternoon wear was composed altogether of chiffon in little gathered tucks, with insertions of rich cream guipure alternating. In black this model is both useful and smart, while in pale colours nothing more airy, fairy, and altogether charming can be imagined or desired.

The wearing of veils Mr. Lee has raised to a fine art, and can successfully decide in suiting the particular pattern or "spot" to the complexion with the authority of a specialist. His veils are cut in three shapes, one for bonnet, another for toque or small hat, and a third for large, so that one is fitted to a nicety in this minor but very material matter of costume. Dainty hosiery and lingerie are also well-cared-for items at Wigmore Street, and there is scarcely a royal or imperial foot in Europe that has not been shod in silk or cashmere "by order" here at one season or another. A collar-ette in ribbon and finely pleated lisse has been chosen at random from a heap of charming others for illustration. There



A COLLARETTE.

is no lack of such pretty conceits for the neck or waistband at Lee's, moderate in price as they are *chic* in design, while the wearing of that particular soft velvet suede of which so many of his gloves are made seems to add the last touch of daintiness to a carefully complete toilette. Cycling-women should, moreover, be introduced to the "satin-cashmere" knickerbockers, which are a specialty with Mr. Lee. In various colours, all of which are washable, these satin-cashmere articles are light, cool, and wear for the proverbial ever.

Whatever may be said or sung about the advent of beautiful spring in the country, the distinguishing feature of that pleasant season in London is mainly apparent in an outbreak of ladders punctuated with white-bloused British workmen and pendent paint-pots along the house-fronts. Externally, therefore, at least, the face of this once grimy town is spring-cleaned to most obvious advantage, and cheerful white paint covers our Georgian stucco in greatly improved contrast to the bilious drabs and greys of earlier Victorian belief. Gradually, too, the true inwardness of harmonious surrounding is making itself felt within doors as well as without. Prophets have arisen in these once degenerate later days, as witness Ruskin and Morris, to preach the doctrine of the decorative, while practical exponents of domestic art, like Messrs. Graham and Banks, whose Model House at 445, Oxford Street, is a realisation of the perfect home, remain to educate and assist this beauty-loving generation to that improved order of things interiorly to which our awakening wishes aspire. Taste and knowledge have been brought to bear one on the other with the happiest results on all the productions for which the already famous house is responsible, excellence of design and workmanship being noticeably apparent everywhere, from the simplest lines of chair or table to the most elaborate carving or inlay of which either is capable of receiving.

An important characteristic of this firm is also the extreme moderation in price which attaches to its productions, enabling, as it undoubtedly does, even a modest purse to accomplish much that would have formerly seemed beyond reach of the ordinary income. Besides the endless suggestions which each complete and charmingly furnished room in the aforesaid Model House contains, the galleries at 445, Oxford Street, are crammed with original and handsome specimens of furniture in the different styles of Chippendale, Sheraton, Adam's, Empire, and the three Louis, whose variously beautiful styles are now again so greatly in vogue with the modern man of taste. Carpets, brocades, chintzes, cretonnes claim a special comment, because of the exclusive and beautiful designs in which they are to be found in this temple of domestic high art. Here also is that outcome of modern ease and luxury, the soft-sprung and deep-seated arm-chair, in all possible versions of form and colouring, from the portly "Grandfather," comfortably covered in rich Beauvais tapestry, to the up-to-date club lounge, such as the Marlborough, at £4 10s., or the daintily shaped "Duchess" chair, most moderately priced at £3 15s., in which the excellent workmanship and materials used throughout are summed up. An extremely good effect is obtained for the ordinary landing-place, which is so difficult to decorate successfully, by a specially contrived fitment which provides arches, pilasters, and a roof of gathered silk or printed cotton, that together give a new and altogether delightful appearance to the debatable space outside the drawing- or bed-room doors. The fitment which effects this agreeable transformation can be had for ten pounds, and there is not a London "half-landing" which would not be vastly the better of such a modest expenditure on its neglected opportunities. An illustration of the various "periods" which Messrs. Graham and Banks are so successful in reproducing with all fidelity to historic detail is given in this quaint Elizabethan interior, which has been recently and entirely done in a country-house not far from town. Another, and a not less notable work of art, has been the restoration and refurnishing with finely carved oak of a domestic chapel attached to a well-known country mansion. From all of which it may be gathered that this firm, which owns two skilled and cultured art decorators, as directors of its operations, who are thoroughly *au fait* with all the best traditions of domestic art, is one to be visited equally by the most ambitiously disposed as the practically minded. For, from the carving of a chair-back to the decoration of a house, the best art is here wedded to honest work and extremely moderate charges. Can any Edwin and Angelina on furnishing blissfully intent ask more? If they did they would be very unreasonable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SYLVIA.—(1) As you say, the disillusioning fact of a "shiny nose-tip" is complete in other people, and nowhere does this unhappy transformation of the complexion become more apparent than in a ball-room after 2 a.m. There is a sovereign remedy, however, in the face-powder made by that clever Paris chemist, Mons. Pinaud, which is absolutely what it claims to be—invisible and impalpable. Try it, and you will know. (2) The very newest bodices are made pouched, that is, hanging over a little at back as well as front. Frenchwomen have adopted the idea readily; but I have seen only a few ultra-fashionable women with it here, so far. One at the Academy private view, in mauve China crape, silver-embroidered, came from Paquin over the way, and was charming. (3) I fear the Röntgen Ray is not tamed to the toilet-table so far yet, but that it obtains the results mentioned in my notes last week has been proved. (4) You can yet get the New Face Vaporiser from the French shop in Conduit Street.

BACHELOR MAID.—(1) Yes, I remember the pseudonym, and am pleased to hear that you are about to discard one part of the title and annex another. There is a good furniture-shop where you will get genuine antiques at moderate prices in St. Martin's Lane. It is called the Old English Furniture Company. You should be able to match your chairs there. (2) White woollen canvas over yellow silk, with Manila hats and yellow iris against white plumes, would be pretty for the three brunette bridesmaids. The remaining fair could be similarly arranged for in blue or pink. Vernon, of Sloane Street, would do them well.

MATHILDE.—(1) You could get the Rhine Violet sachet-powder sewn into your frocks by your maid. It is the most suitable, being very delicate but lasting. (2) The invaluable Brooke's Soap will get the stain out of your onyx table-top, without doubt. I know nothing that it does not grapple with successfully. (3) The "gusset gloves" are to be had from the London Glove Company, Bond Street. From them also you can get the Victoria Medallion button in several new makes of gloves. It is a *specialité* with them.

MATRÉSSE (Suffolk).—(1) No first-class registry office will require payment of fees until you are suited with servants. I should certainly avoid those that ask you to pay in advance. (2) Manila sailor-hats, with loose crowns covered in canvas of the same shade, are fashionable and beautifully light. A bow of ribbon and a group of couteau feathers is an advisable addition, as the quite plain sailor-hat has been condemned to the limbo of forgotten fashions for some time.

GARRISON.—As you are more or less a bird of passage, the cheapest fittings are naturally what you require. All your lace curtains might come from H. Goringe and Co., of Nottingham. Their prices are ridiculously low, and they can also send you pretty roller blinds of cream linen edged with lace at 4s. 9d. each by giving them measurements of windows. Anyone can fix them.

METROPOL.—(1) My oft-repeated advice to the possessors of valuable furs may be repeated here. I should advise you to send them to Jay's, who will keep them beaten and take all risks, at a very moderate charge, which also includes insurance. (2) Muslin blouses of very voyant patterns and colour are very much *à la mode*. Why not have one in pink with a big floral design made over silk for your grey skirt? Lee, of Wigmore Street, has fascinating shirts, at fascinating prices. Try him. (3) Very few women can wear sacque-coats smartly. If you happen to be one of the elect, order one, but the winged bolero, fitting closely to the figure, is much more becoming. (4) I have not tried the "Columbia," but hear great things of its lightness and speed. **SYBIL.**

The Great Northern Railway Company have just issued their illustrated Tourist Guide for the 1897 season. The book is a very interesting one. Those who intend spending their summer holidays in the North of England or Scotland should get it. It is to be had free of charge at any of the company's stations and town offices.

"If ever you happen to be in Marseilles, eat the native *bouillabaisse*." That is common advice (writes a correspondent), but the dish is not nice. Remembrance of an old song in praise of the famous dish that I once heard in the Quartier Latin came upon me when I reached the old French seaport a few days ago. I hunted up the best native restaurant and ordered a tiny lunch, consisting of *hors d'œuvre*, a *bouillabaisse*, pigeons stewed with olives, giant asparagus, and a bottle of rare old Chablis. Then I went for a long walk, hoping to find an appetite and meet somebody whom I might "do" for the cost of the meal. I found the appetite, but not the victim; but I did so well on my return that the waiters must have guessed why one Englishman is worth three Frenchmen. It was a superb little lunch, cooked to perfection; the only thing I did not like was the *bouillabaisse*. The dish is a collection of segments of many fishes, with crayfish on top and yellow sauce underneath. A bowl that accompanied the main dish turned out to be filled with nothing but bread soaked in the sauce. Under the circumstances, there was only one thing to do, and I did it. I made the best of the rest—the asparagus was plentiful, worth a king's ransom, and only cost a shilling in English money—and then I hurried off to some friends, who had been unable to lunch with me.

I took a cab and arrived at their hotel before they lunched. They thought I was going on to Nice, and should not come back; I did not say I had lost my only train. On the contrary, I dissembled. "Look here, you fellows," I said, "I would not go without returning to tell you to lunch at — and have the real *bouillabaisse*. I've never had anything like it. I would rather lose my train than let you miss the dish." Of course, they were grateful and went off to the place indicated, four stalwart men with excellent digestions. Late in the same evening we met at dinner. "What did you think of it?" I began. "Don't you have to come to Marseilles to taste the real thing? Isn't it wonderful, that soupçon of every fish flavour to be found in salt waters, that lovely piquant sauce, that appetising aroma?" So I went on at some length, and those four hypocrites agreed with me. They even added to my praises. On the following morning I sent a mutual friend to them to find the truth, and here it is. One of the four thought the dish excellent; two thought they liked it until they went for a row in choppy water to see a transport-ship go off from the harbour; the last thought it was no good, but was afraid to say so. All thought my enthusiasm was genuine, and were afraid to appear devoid of a proper taste in foreign dishes. So far as I am concerned, my first and last *bouillabaisse* is eaten.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on May 11.

THE MONEY MARKET.

There is very little fresh to say about the Money Market. While there still exists the possibility, however remote, of European complications between the Great Powers, the Bank of England directors obviously cannot raise the Discount Rate, even if such a step were desirable for profit-earning considerations. But, as a matter of fact, it is not so desirable. The Bank Rate is now quite out of touch with the Market, because it is too high. To reduce it might savour of ostentation; to increase it would be idiotic, and is quite out of the question. In a paragraph which follows, we are dealing with the hollowness of the war-scare cry, as evidenced by the movements of representative securities round about the date of the formal declaration of war between Turkey and Greece. The Stock and Money Markets afford, in our experience, a pretty reliable index of expert and specially informed opinion regarding the possibility or probability of trouble in the political sense; and we are not apprehensive of such trouble occurring while the rate of discount for three months' fine bills is only $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and the Bank of England Discount Rate at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is so absurdly in excess of the current Market appraisalment of the value of exchange.

MARKETS AND THE WAR-SCARE.

It is somewhat remarkable, in view of the hostilities in the East, that the values of Stock Exchange securities have not suffered considerably more than they have done. From the table of comparative values of 325 representative securities compiled by the *Banker's Magazine* for the month ending April 21, the total decrease is shown, as compared with the preceding month, to have only been 0.5 per cent. British Funds show practically no alteration. Foreign Government securities disclose a fall of three and a-half millions sterling, or 0.4 per cent. In the Home Railway Market there is actually recorded an increase of 0.5 per cent. on the selected stocks. The most striking fact is that on the date of the valuation by our contemporary (April 21) the 325 representative stocks stood at a higher aggregate value than at an earlier date in the month before the war broke out. And yet there are people who talk about the war-scare as adversely affecting markets.

GOLDFIELDS.

Writing about the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa as far back as November last, and with special reference to the ordinary general meeting, which had just then been held, we said—

Mr. John Hays Hammond, the company's engineer, dealt exhaustively with this subject, and endeavoured to assure the shareholders that there was a big future in store for deep-level mining in the Rand. Whether or not these expectations will be realised remains to be seen. It is an easy enough task to work out such questions in theory, but many unforeseen difficulties may arise before all the hopes of sanguine people are realised, although eventually, we imagine, the obstacles will be overcome.

The way in which the difficulties are to be overcome still remains to be seen, but the method of adjusting the financial position has just been disclosed, and has met with almost universal reprobation. The capital is to be doubled by the issue to the shareholders of new shares at par, *pro rata*. The disorganisation of the market in anticipation and now, was only what might have been expected by the merest tyro in financial affairs. On the "bears" will, of course, fall the obligation of providing the new shares at par, and it does not require much experience of the Stock Exchange to realise what an amount of labour this will involve, with the additional possibility of serious complications, such as have occurred in similar cases before. The form and method of the issue, and the rumours regarding it which were prevalent in advance, have combined to create a situation which could not have been better adapted to foster market manipulation of the price, if such had been the design, and to this the recent extraordinary fluctuations bear ample witness. At the time of writing the price of Goldfields Ordinary is $4\frac{3}{8}$; what it may be when these lines appear in print it would be reckless in the extreme to predict.

OUR AFRICAN LETTER.

The following letter from our Johannesburg correspondent will, we fear, not be a message of comfort to many of our readers, but the truth must be told, even if we are obliged to destroy the sanguine hopes of some unfortunate investors. We have at least the satisfaction of remembering that we have *never* recommended any of the companies so severely handled by our correspondent, except the Eastleigh, and that at prices which enabled everybody to secure a reasonable profit, as we know two or three correspondents have done—

THE BLACK REEF.

This reef, the outcrop of which runs parallel to the Main Reef series several miles to the south of the latter, can be pronounced, with little hesitation, an absolute failure. Small payable patches, which have been found and worked from time to time, and, in the case of the Orion, yielded brief dividends, have conferred an altogether fictitious importance on the Black Reef, which deceives no mining man in Johannesburg nowadays. It is a pity that the Home investor has not been equally schooled to the general worthlessness of a line of reef dependent upon one or two rich patches for whatever reputation it has, and nowhere known to be payable more than a thousand feet from the outcrop.

The "booming of the Black Reef" was the work of the African Estates group of financiers. A couple of years ago, Mr. Woollan, the Chairman of the African Estates Company, made a very foolish speech in Johannesburg, in which he prophesied that Orions would go to £5, and Minervas, an offshoot of the Orion, would be little behind. The Orion, with a very low capital, was able

to point to a dividend of 105 per cent. in 1894, and by means of the flotation of the Minerva a further 20 per cent. was made possible in 1895. But towards the end of the boom it began to be known that the rich shoot had petered out, and, despite the most vigorous prospecting, nothing has since been discovered on the property to warrant the belief that any further payable ore exists. The shares actually did touch £5, this high figure giving those who knew the true facts an admirable opportunity of off-loading on the unsuspecting public.

Since then they have steadily dropped, till now the quotation is nominal, at probably about five shillings, but it would be difficult to sell any quantity of the shares at any price. Coincident with the decline of the company the capital was increased to £160,000. The company is now at a standstill, it being impossible to keep the battery running with payable ore. A searching inquiry into the history of this company must result in some interesting disclosures.

The Minerva, an offshoot of the Orion, was floated two years ago in the mad days of the boom, when it was possible to form a company on a bit of bare veldt or a few blades of grass. This wild-cat concern was allotted the ridiculous capital—on paper—of £200,000. Its best asset to-day is a 40-stamp battery, which will always fetch the current value of old iron. Hence, the shares have still a nominal value, reckoned here at 2s. 6d. each share, this being the quotation in Johannesburg for some time past. Yet Minervas, according to the prophetic utterances of Mr. Woollan, were to soar upwards with Orions, and, as a matter of fact, they were carried over 70s. in the boom, affording those in the secret ample scope to off-load.

Home shareholders are largely interested in Minervas as well as Orions, and it is impossible to offer them any sanguine hope regarding the future of either property. Mr. Woollan may have rosate ideas still as to Orions being worth £5 and Minervas only a little under, but here in Johannesburg no such delusions prevail. Mr. Woollan is, however, entitled to his opinions, and Home shareholders may be able to elicit them.

One of the few other Black Reef properties which have ever made a show of earning profits for a time is the Eastleigh, near Klerksdorp. This mine continues to run 60 stamps, but the profits will probably never be sufficient to pay a dividend on the company's ridiculous ordinary capital of £380,000. So long as the rich patch now being worked does not pinch out, the company may continue to show a profit of a few hundred pounds per month; but it is only a patch, after all, that is being worked, and shareholders ought to keep this always before them. With regard to the Eastleigh Block A, Eastleigh Deep, Southleigh, Westleigh, and all the "leigh" kidney floated in the mad days of 1895, none of them is any better than the original Eastleigh, and some of them have not, so far, been proved to have even a rich patch of the most limited extent.

The New Midas, another Black Reef property, came prominently before the public in 1895-96, when the shares were carried to 90s. It was given out at that time that the company had over 100,000 tons of ore developed, worth on an average 2 oz. per ton. Since then the company has commenced to run a 20-stamp battery, and the results obtained have been very disappointing. For example, from June to December last 19,083 tons of ore were crushed, realising in all £37,190, or less than £2 per ton, while in recent months the average has been possibly under £1 per ton, a yield quite insufficient to pay working-costs. The shares of the New Midas are now considerably under par. Shareholders ought to endeavour to find out from the directors in what mysterious way the 100,000 or 120,000 tons of 2 oz.

ore which the property was reputed to contain a year ago has since disappeared. The Klerksdorp Proprietary, which is also located on the Black Reef, has recently stopped all boring and exploratory work, on the advice of Mr. Denny, who has made a most exhaustive examination of Black Reef properties generally, and whose opinion is adverse to the payability of the reef as a whole. There is quite a long list of other Black Reef companies—Black Reef Proprietary, Palmietfontein, Phoenix, and various concerns making use of the name "Orion." These may be dismissed with the one remark that they are unpayable, but not all of them represent quite so barefaced a transaction as the flotation of the Pleiades. This company was floated by the Barnatos in 1895, and the shares, by means of assiduous puffing, went as high as 45s. The company has since failed to establish the fact that it owns any reef—a fact which Black Reef experts here all along maintained. It has gone into liquidation.

The photograph we reproduce is that of Mr. Dundas Simpson, a gentleman largely interested in various collieries in the Transvaal. He was one of the vendors of the Clydesdale, Home Coal Estates, and other properties, and at present is concentrating his attention upon a Rand-Natal company—the Natal Navigation Collieries, Limited, which will be one of the biggest producers in the northern district of the Garden Colony within the next twelvemonth.



MR. DUNDAS SIMPSON.

Photo by Sherwood, Durban.

AUSTRALIAN MORTGAGE, LAND, AND FINANCE COMPANY.

In referring to the meeting of this company we wish to take the opportunity of expressing our deep regret at the death of Mr. E. M. Young, the general manager, and also a director of the company. There was probably no one who knew more about Australian affairs than did Mr. Young; there was certainly no more courteous gentleman in the City of London. At public meetings and in private conversations, Mr. Young was alike outspoken, and sometimes he ruffled the feelings of other persons interested in Australasian affairs, particularly by his wonderfully accurate foresight of the trend of events which culminated in the Australian Banking crisis of 1893. But even those who most resented his frank predictions of the inevitable results of the Australian follies will, we are perfectly sure, share our regret for the loss of a man who had the rare capacity of realising that personal friendship is quite compatible with business rivalry.

The loss to the Australian Mortgage, Land, and Finance Company by the death of Mr. Young is a serious one; but the twenty-three years which he spent in the service of the company are not wasted as regards the interests of the shareholders. The stability of the company throughout all the troubles has been phenomenal, and we are only echoing the

views expressed by the chairman and others at the meeting when we say that there is no likelihood of a change of the policy which has been so conspicuously successful in the past. It is useless to disguise the fact that the situation in Australia for such companies is difficult; it restricts current profits, and may very possibly lead to further disasters. But, as the present position was foreseen in this case, there is nothing to fear in respect of stability. The stable-door was locked before the steed was stolen.

AN INVISIBLE BRAKE.

It is not easy for the person of ordinary intelligence to see why invisibility should be a recommendation for a bicycle-brake, but the prospectus of the Spencer Brake and Components Syndicate, Limited, issued last week, makes a great point of it. It has, says the document, "the great advantage of being invisible, and is at the same time more effective than any of the brakes at present in use." No doubt it is something very fine indeed; but the technicalities in this prospectus do not convey much information to the uninitiated, and the information which is intelligible is very scanty. Perhaps the next improvement we shall hear of is a bicycle the advantage of which is that the whole of it is invisible; but it is more likely that some of the dividends predicted will first achieve that distinction. Readers cannot be too careful as to the cycle companies they are inclined to invest in, and should avoid, as they would the Devil, those who expect to make a living out of brakes, gears, or other specialities.

IPSWICH AMUSEMENTS.

It is certainly a rather remarkable fact that in a place like Ipswich there is no Theatre of Varieties; but, all the same, we are not enthusiastic as to the prospects of the Grand Hotel and Theatre of Varieties which is projected as a company. But, after all, a population of 60,000 is not very much of a basis on which to run a music-hall; and the combination of such an institution with a hotel is a little bit unusual. At all events, the idea does not appear to have caught on very readily in the first instance. As far back as February 3 last, a prospectus of the company was in circulation and received a severe castigation at the hands of the *Financial News*, which mercilessly showed up the absurdity of the proposition. At that time it is true the prospectus was "private and confidential"; but our contemporary very properly declined to regard that as a sufficient reason for abstaining from criticism, and we thought the last had been heard of the thing, until it blossomed out publicly last week, with what success we know not, but, for the maintenance of our belief in public intelligence, we should say with very little. Our contemporary pointed out, in the "private and confidential" stage, and the same holds good now, that the board of this Ipswich venture consisted of five gentlemen not one of whom resided there or near it, the chairman being an Irish peer. Seeing that the thing has now been put forward, with apparent seriousness, as a suitable subject for investment, it may not be amiss to reproduce a few of the remarks of the *Financial News*—

We are quite as much at a loss to understand the accompanying illustrations and plan as to guess why anybody should be induced by this prospectus to subscribe towards the capital. There are two pictures—one strictly architectural, the other beautifully romantic. The first is a front elevation of the hotel "when completed," but it does not show how much is completed at present, and, if a local informant be correct, the completed part is comparatively insignificant. On the picture of the theatre the draughtsman seems to have let his imagination have full play. By a wooded avenue the inhabitants of Ipswich are approaching a magnificent building, for which one would have to go to Paris to find an equal. How it fits on to the hotel we have vainly endeavoured to discover from the plan. We find, however, that the properties to be acquired closely adjoin the butter-market, which will, no doubt, be an inducement to investors.

GEORGE GREGORY AND CO.

We have been obliged to warn many correspondents against speculating with the late Mr. Ashley Crommire, who carried on business under this name. The man is dead, and his estate is insolvent, which might well have been expected by those who, like ourselves, knew the difficulty which many clients had in extracting differences from him for the past two years. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is a maxim from which we do not mean to depart, and if during his life we consistently exposed his methods, now that he is dead it is only fair to say that, compared with the bulk of bucket-shop keepers, he was a comparatively honest man, and his business decently run.

SANTA FÉ AND RECONQUISTA BONDS.

These bonds are very low. If any of our readers can buy a few at about 21, and will *lock them up for a time*, we think they will see a good profit. The shrewdest people connected with Argentine finance are, we know, buyers at present.

NEW ISSUES.

The Grand Hotel and Theatre of Varieties, Ipswich, Limited.—To be avoided.

Joseph Watson and Sons, Limited.—A fair industrial concern, but surely a valuation of the property purchased should have been given in the prospectus.

Dover, Limited, is a cycle concern which we should not patronise.

The Spencer Brake and Components Syndicate.—The capital is moderate, which is all that can be said in its favour.

The Progress Cycle Company is far better left alone. There will be—well, trouble over all these small cycle companies, and that before long.

Traies and Son, Limited.—We cannot see why the public should lend that enterprising tradesman, Mr. Edward Traies, £15,000 to carry on his business at 7½ per cent. To compare these shares to those of Harrod's Stores or John Barker is, in our opinion, misleading, to use a mild word.

Saturday, May 1, 1897.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C.—It is very difficult for anyone to advise you. No wonder, with flat markets, European war, and general depression, that your two West Australian mines have dropped in price. We still believe No. 1 to be a good mine, but it is understood in the Market to be short of capital. The general opinion was favourable to No. 2 when we referred to it before, but now everything West Australian is out of favour. Reliable information here is mere hearsay, but West Australian mining men speak well of both mines.

LEO.—We should sell the lot if they were our own, more from political reasons than any others.

J. S.—Your list of investments is not a bad one, speculative ventures being mixed with good stocks in a very fair proportion. Buy (1) *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref. shares; (2) Sanitas shares or Jay's Ordinary; (3) One City of Wellington Waterworks bond, or some such security.

J. B.—Private letters are only written in compliance with Rule 5. We have the poorest opinion of both concerns, and, unless you are prepared to fight for the return of your money in the case of the first company you mention, we advise you to write it off as a bad debt.

A. J. E.—(1) We doubt the advantage of averaging your holding by taking more new shares at present. (2) There is no doubt that, if a proper contract is registered at Somerset House—as will, no doubt, be done—you are quite safe in assuming that the shareholders cannot be made liable for the 15s. credited as paid up. If the old company is liquidated, and the property sold to a new company, the solicitor's opinion is perfectly correct.

ATLAS.—We should sell the lot, because we believe that all things African will be affected by political complications and go worse. In our opinion, Nos. 1, 3, 5, and, perhaps, 10 and 11, have no intrinsic merits. Nos. 2, 6, 7, 8, and 9 are good concerns, which may be held for dividends if you neglect the political outlook.

SPECULATOR.—You will have seen our opinion as to the company you write about in last week's issue.

E. S.—Nos. 1 and 2 are, of course, hopeless so far as dividends go. We should not at this moment sell them if they were our own. (3) Fair. (4 and 5) Very speculative. We would not touch No. 4; it is too much like the Salt Union.

ANERLIST.—(1) We can hear nothing of this concern in this market. (2) There has never been any market for the shares of this company on the London Stock Exchange, and we have a very poor opinion of the concern. (3) As this company was only registered last July, these are early days to look for crushing returns. The company was formed to acquire four properties, aggregating about eighty-nine acres, in the Thames District of New Zealand. It is considered in the market a fair mining speculation, but see the letter from our New Zealand correspondent on the Thames District in *The Sketch* of the April 14.

H. K. B.—(1) The security is not first-class, but we are inclined to think the interest will probably be paid. (2) Probably more likely to rise than fall. (3) We advise you to hold for the present.

G. F. M. J., MINE No. 1.—There is some likelihood of this mine improving, but it is not a very hopeful concern.

P. B.—(1) We believe it is a respectable office, but, of course, it is not of the standing of the English company. (2) Yes.

VICTORIAN.—Apply for information to the Secretary, The Ejudina Gold-Mines, Limited, 30, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.

DUNNOTAR.—(1 and 2) See our New Zealand correspondent's letter published in *The Sketch* of April 14. (3) We hardly know what to advise, so much depends on political considerations. Write to Mr. Henry Hess, of the *African Critic*, 156, Leadenhall Street, and follow his advice as to this mine. Our own idea is that all things South African are better sold.

O. P.—We sent you, on April 29, the broker's name and address as requested. The firm have given satisfaction to many of our readers, and we hope you will also be pleased with the way they do your business.

JUBILEE.—Do not have anything to do with the syndicate whose prospectus you enclose, or any of the other concerns which are engaged in the same business. They are all flat-traps.

BERKHAMSTEDIAN.—The company is, we think, a local one, and only dealt in at Johannesburg, or at least, in South Africa. If you will send us a letter containing exactly the questions you wish answered, and comply with Rule 5, we will write to our African correspondent for information.

The certified profits of Septimus Parsonage and Company, Limited, wine merchants and distillers, for 1896 amounted to £13,964 5s. 11d., as against £12,501 16s. 8d. for the previous year. The directors are in a position to state that they anticipate paying at the end of June next an interim dividend of 6 per cent. per annum on the preference, and 10 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares.

We hear that the shares of A. J. White, Limited, have been fully subscribed. In allotment the directors propose to look after the interests of the trade and the customers of the company's medicines.

In our reference last week to Mr. Bashford's forthcoming great sale of champagnes and clarets, at the London Commercial Sale Rooms, we should have given the date of the sale as to-morrow, Thursday, May 6.